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Past and Future.

Like a crystal of ice that is melting
Are the thoughts of the years long fled;
Like a rainbow whose colors are fading,
The mem'ry of those who are dead.

A blossom that wilts as we pluck it,
An echo that dies on the ear,
The thought which can only remind us
Of days when our smiles were sincere.

The past from our hearts has receded,
The future is all that remains;
Our lives toward the ocean are ebbing,
The star of our destiny wanes.

Our hopes, let us carry them with us
Like leaves that are borne by the waves;
The saddest of earthly deceivers,
Let us hide them away in our graves.

Battle Bunny.

(MALVERN HILL, 1862).

["After the men were ordered to lie down, a white rabbit, which had been hopping hither and thither over the field swept by grape and musketry, took refuge among the skirmishers, in the breast of a corporal."—*Report of the Battle of Malvern Hill.*]

Bunny, lying in the grass,
Saw the shining columns pass,
Saw the starry banner fly,
Saw the chargers fret and fume,
Saw the flapping hat and plume;
Saw them with his moist and shy,
Most unspeculative eye,
Thinking only, in the dew,
That it was a fine review—
Till a flash, not all of steel,
Where the rolling caisson's wheel
Brought a rumble and a roar
Rolling down that velvet floor,
And like blows of autumn flail
Sharply thrashed the iron hail.

Bunny, thrilled by unknown fears,
Raised his soft and pointed ears,
Mumbled his prehensile lip,
Quivered his pulsating hip,
As the sharp vindictive yell
Rose above the screaming shell:
Thought the world and all its men,
All the charging squadrons meant,
All were rabbit hunters then,
All to capture him intent.
Bunny was not much to blame:
Wiser folk have thought the same—
Wiser folk, who think they spy
Every ill begins with "I."

Wildly panting, here and there
Bunny sought the freer air,
Till he hopped below the hil
And saw, lying close and still,
Men with muskets in their hands.
(Never Bunny understands
That hypocrisy of sleep,
In the vigils grim, they keep,
As recumbent on that spot
They elude the level shot).

One—a grave and quiet man,
Thinking of his wife and child
Far beyond the Rapidan,
Where the Androscoggin smiled—
Felt the little rabbit creep,
Nestling by his arm and side.
Wakened from strategic sleep,
To that soft appeal replied,
Drew him to his blackened breast,
And—

But you have guessed the rest.
Softly o'er that chosen pair
Omnipresent love and care
Drew a mightier hand and arm,
Shielding them from every harm;
Right and left the bullets waved,
Saves the savior for the saved.

Who believes that equal grace
God extends in every place,
Little difference he scans
'Twixt a rabbit's God and man's.

BRET HARTE.

IN BLACK RUSSIA.

"Why, it is Musgrave!" *ce cher* Arthur! I thought you, *mon ami*, to be in Spain still. What good wind, what wind of fortune, has blown you to us here, in Russia?"

Such were the words which reached my ears, as a gloved grasp was suddenly laid upon my arm, while I was traversing the railway platform at Minsk. I turned to find myself confronted by the smiling face of Demetrius Vassili, a Russian whom I had known for some three or four years at St. Petersburgh, Paris, and wherever diplomatists and birds of passage congregate. He, this well-whiskered, glib-tongued Vassili, belonging to both categories, since, when I first knew him, in the czar's capital, he was a professor in the university, while in Paris he was an underling of the Russian embassy, and at Madrid a gentleman at large.

I confess that I did not much like Demetrius Vassili, though I was more than half ashamed of my prejudice, for the man was friendly, almost too ostentatiously so; was polite, genial, and one of those amiable persons who are always taking our good opinion by storm, as it were, by the graceful rendering of some little service or other.

"By-the-bye!" abrubtly put in my old acquaintance, linking his arm in mine, "I have to congratulate you, have I not? It is true that you are about to marry the beautiful Mlle. Marie, daughter of Count Constantine Orloff, the young lady who at Madrid, when I was there, broke all hearts?"

It was true that I was betrothed to Marie Orloff; indeed, I was on my way then to her father's mansion, at which it had been arranged that I should be a guest until the wedding should take place, according to both the English and Russo-Greek forms, at St. Petersburgh. Our engagement had come about in this wise. I, Arthur Musgrave, as an attache of the English legation at Madrid, had been thrown much into the society of the daughter of the Russian envoy, had learned to love her, and had been lucky enough to teach her to love me. My chief difficulty was with the count, who was at first very much annoyed and displeased. Fortunately for me, however, I was heir to an entailed property, small, indeed, but the rent-roll of which seemed respectable in continental eyes; while I was able to convince Count Orloff that my border ancestry had driven off Scottish cattle, and ridden in warden raids, at a time when his own forefathers were probably unbaptized Tartars, for it is a curious fact that the titled families of Russia are Georgian, Tartar, German, Swedish, anything but Russian.

All now was happily settled, and, as I have said, I was on my way to my future father-in-law's country chateau, a summer residence in the lake district of Ostashkoi, near Tver on the Upper Volga. The count's estates lay chiefly in that neighborhood, and he had lately been appointed, by one of those abrupt transitions from one service to another, which are common under the czar's rule, governor of the province.

"But what chance, M. Vassili, brings you here?" I asked, when we had shaken hands. "I heard of you last as in Rome."

"Here to-day, there to-morrow," answered Vassili, airily. "I have been in Asia lately, shall be at Wilna to-morrow, and in St. Petersburgh next week. I serve a master who has dealings in far away places."

"You mean the emperor?" I inquired, and the Russian nodded with a look of good-humored mystery. At this moment up came a porter to tell me, cringingly, that my excellency must, he feared, be content to wait six hours or more for a train. There had been a movement of troops toward Poland, disordering the company's arrangements, and taking up the rolling stock.

"The emperor's orders, noble gospodin," he added, with a deprecatory shrug, as he saw my vexed face.

Then Demetrius chimed in. His train, too, had been delayed by the concentration of troops on the Polish frontier. He, too, had some hours to spend at Minsk. He had ordered dinner at the Black Eagle, hard by. The landlord knew him well, and would serve up a tolerable repast. Would I be charitable and share what would otherwise be a solitary meal?

Vassili gave me a good dinner, and we lingered long over our cigars and coffee, chatting of other scenes and old times. Then, at length, word was brought that the train for Wilna was in sight.

"Now I think of it," said my host, in his careless way, "on your road to the count's chateau you will pass Staritza—yes!" he added, glancing at the open map that lay beside me on the table; "of course you will, and change horses there. I wish, if it be not too much to ask, that you would kindly give a message from me to the village priest, or papas, there—Pope John Petrovich."

"I will, with pleasure," I replied, "but remember, my Russian is not very fluent, and I presume the priest talks no French."

Vassili laughingly assured me that the words were very few and simple, and suggested that I should pencil them, from his dictation, on a slip of paper which he pu hed toward me. These were the words of the message: "Your son" ("our clergy marry, you know, like the laity," interjected Demetrius) "has been ill, but take comfort. He is doing well now, and, if he acts promptly, with the blessing of the Panagia, will succeed. He sends his love, faith and duty."

"I saw the pope's son," explained Demetrius, "the other day at Odessa. Young Cyril is a corn dealer and hay merchant, a pushing, speculative fellow, but as honest as the day. He was recovering from a fever, but hoped to fill his purse by buying up all the——ah! there is the railway whistle, so we must be quick! You'll do my errand, then, dear Arthur, will you not, and gladden the heart of the good old man?"

It was not until long after Vassili and I had parted that it occurred to me to wonder why he should have charged me with such a message. It would have been simpler, surely, and more speedy, as a means of communicating with Pope John, to have relied on the post.

"Pope John, English lord?" said the inn-keeper at Staritza, falteringly, as I asked for a guide to show me the way to the personage, while the slow postillions were unharnessing, in the tardy fashion in which work is done in Russia, the tired horses from the carriage.

"Certainly," said I, observing his embarrassment. "Is the priest ill, or what is there surprising in a traveler's inquiries for him?"

The landlord bowed obsequiously.

"You'll find the papas in good health, noble gospodin," he said, in sugared accents. "Yonder is the parsonage, with the white gable."

"Then I want no guide to conduct me there," said I, laughing, and at once walked across to the garden gate. A neat, snug little dwelling was the parsonage, with its white walls, its tiny garden full of humble potherbs and hardy flowers, and the sacred pigeons cooing softly as they sunned themselves upon its red-eaved roof. An ill-looking fellow opened the door in answer to my summons, seemed me narrowly, and, as I thought, with suspicion, and after some colloquy conducted me to what I guessed, by the few books and the many pictured saints on the wall, to be the priest's study. Ten minutes elapsed, and then in came the master of the house, Pope John.

"Forgive me, noble sir, if I have kept you waiting," said the priest, with as low a bow as he could have executed in the presence of his bishop. "You bring me news, I am told, of my dear son?"

I cannot say that the reverend gentleman impressed me very favorably. Pope John was a corpulent old man, with a snowy beard that would have done credit to a hermit; long white locks falling from beneath his black velvet skull-cap, a snuffy and frayed cassock, and dark-blue spectacles, from behind which a pair of keen though half-shut eyes surveyed me with a watchfulness that had in it something feline. Twice over did I repeat the substance of Vassili's remarks concerning the young corn-dealer at Odessa, and twice, at the old man's request, did I mention every circumstance of my interview with Demetrius, "his kind and noble patron," as he called him; then I placed the written slip of paper, on which I had penciled the message, in the priest's hands, and declining his offer of refreshments, took my leave of him. As I left the parsonage I thought I heard some whispered talk, and then a low, sneering laugh.

"I am much mistaken," said I to myself, as I stepped into my carriage, and gave my postillion the signal to start, "if Pope John, 'the good old man,' as Vassili called him, be not as consummate and greasy a humbug as any in Muscovy." Then my thoughts reverted to rosy dreams of Marie and the future, and I sank into a reverie, from which I only awakened to perceive that my driver was proceeding in a leisurely manner that was most unusual, for if Russians work slowly they drive fast.

"Come, come, my lad!" said I good-humoredly; "surely three good nags and a light kibitka ought not to go at a snail's pace like this!"

As I spoke I heard the gallop of distant horses, mingling with the clank of steel. We were on a sandy road, traversing one of those huge pine forests, the sombre gloom of which, alternating with the glare of the white sand, has occasioned the name of "Black Russia" to be assigned to these central provinces of the ancient Muscovy. Very soon we were overtaken by the hard riders in our rear, their swords clashing against flank and stirrup, their horses in a foam—in all, some twenty-five mounted men. Most of these, by their long lances and barbarian equipment, I knew to be Cossacks, but others wore the uniform of gendarmes, and three at least were officers.

"Pull up! halt, I say!" shouted he who seemed to command; and in an instant my driver obeyed.

"Secure the foreigner!" was the next order; and with amazing quickness I was grasped by two of the dismounted troopers.

"Resist and I fire!" growled a Cossack corporal, pressing the muzzle of his pistol to my left temple, while his soldiers dexterously chained my wrists together. Then, shaking off the stupor of surprise, I found my tongue. There was, I said, evidently some mistake, some confusion of persons. My passport, if they would kindly look for it in the breast-pocket of my ulster, would prove me to be Arthur Musgrave, of the British diplomatic service, junior attache of H. B. M.'s Legation at Madrid.

"Prisoner, you trifle with justice!" said the commandant sternly, in French; and, indeed, when the morocco case was drawn out and opened, it proved to be empty. My passport and papers were gone, inexplicably to me. As I stared blankly there was a roar of laughter, mingled with comments on my effrontery.

"Remove the pretended Englishman!" ordered the colonel, and I was thurst back into the carriage, a soldier on each side of me, and conducted to the town of Torjok, where I was lodged in jail.

I do not like, even yet, to recall what I underwent during the miserable three weeks that I spent in the prison of Torjok. It was not that the cell was narrow, the bed squalid, and the fare hard and bad. I was young and strong, and could rough it. But it was maddening to be eternally examined and cross-examined by civil magistrates and military functionaries, none of whom would listen to the plain truth, and all of whom tried, by threat, promise, persuasion, to wring out of me a confession which, as they said, would enable me to claim the czar's mercy and a lighter punishment for my crime. I was browbeaten, bullied, argued with, coaxed, but never accused of anything. When I inquired the nature of my offense I was jeered at. When I adjured my captors to write to the British embassy, my prayer was treated as an impudent jest. And when I mentioned Count Orloff, the governor of the province, as my future father-in-law, I really thought the judge of instructions would have flown at my throat, so angry was he.

"Only bread and water for the contumacious!" I heard him roar to the jailer as he went out. I thought, between them, that they would have driven me mad, and should have welcomed Siberia as a release.

I grew sullen at last, and refused to return any answer to the interrogatories with which they plied me. I began almost to doubt my own identity. It could not be myself, Arthur Musgrave, who was the tenant of this Russian den, and daily questioned as to my complicity in something extremely subversive of Church and State. Let them knout me, hang me, banish me if they would, I felt as though I were the only sane man among a pack of madmen.

"Here is the wretch, your excellency," said a voice one day as my cell door was thrown open, with a clatter of swords and spurs on the stone floor that indicated the arrival of some distinguished personage; "there the desperado is, lord governor!"

I looked up. There in front of the group stood, in a rich uniform, the breast of which sparkled with orders, the "excellency" in question. The recognition was mutual.

"Count Orloff!" "What! Musgrave! Arthur, my dear boy, what terrible error is this?"

And to the scandal of the judge, the jailer and the rest of them, the governor of the province hurried across the grimy floor to clasp my hands, and to order, in a voice that brooked no denial or delay, that my chains should instantly be taken off.

"My poor fellow, how you must have suffered," said the count, feelingly, as he saw how pale and haggard I had grown. And then came explanations, the cream of which was that there had been a socialist conspiracy, a widespread one, luckily detected in time, a prime mover in which had been my acquaintance, Vassili, who had evidently made a cat's-paw of me in inducing me to carry his message to the priest, while at the same time he purloined my English passport and papers, probably for the sake of escaping, in case of the worst, under my name.

"But Pope John, and his son," said I, bewildered.

"The real Pope John, a sad old rogue," answered the count, smiling, "had been arrested the day before you reached Staritza, and you found his house in possession of the police. The white-bearded person to whom you gave the message, disguised in the priest's clothes, was Major Bulow, of the Imperial gendarmerie; and the message itself was an artful concoction, couched in a sort of verbal cipher, the key to which a traitor gave us, and which, but for our military precautions, would have led to a raising of the Polish regiment at Tver, and a raising of the peasantry in fifty parishes. As it is, all is safe, and a telegram has just informed me that Vassili himself has been captured on the frontier. If ever a man deserved Siberia—but you go free, Arthur. Come with me, and Marie and I will teach you to forget this misery."

I have been married and happy now this many a year, but I do not think that the ill-omened face of Demetrius Vassili will ever be seen again on this side of the Ourol.

Flies and Fresh Air.

Every housekeeper knows what a nuisance flies are in summer. Two weapons are powerful against them, cleanliness and darkness. Therefore the dining-room should be kept dark between meals, and care should be taken to sweep every crumb from table and floor. But it will not do simply to shut up the room, shutting up the flies in it. Close every window and door but one, and through that drive the flies out. This is not so hard as it may seem upon paper, and practice makes perfect here as in all else. We have known a housekeeper who was so expert that she had only to wave her broom and the flies dutifully swarmed out as they saw the standard waved in the air. Fly nets for the windows are comfortable appendages for living and sleeping rooms. Bought ready made they are somewhat expensive, made at home they cost only a trifle. Have the carpenter—or if some one of the family knows how too handle tools, let him—make a frame of inch wide lath, fitting the window frame. On this stretch mosquito netting—dark green is best—and fasten with tacks to the laths. The same netting over a frame of reeds, of osiers, or wires from an old hoopskirt makes serviceable cake and butter covers. Bend one hoop into a round of the size wanted, then on this fasten two semi-circular hoops, crossing each other at right angles in the center above the bottom hoop. This forms the frame, which, if of wire, should be wrapped with worsted; on this the netting is sewed, and a button on top serves as a handle.

Air every sleeping room thoroughly every morning and if possible, let in the sun to shine on the beds and bed clothes. Often at night when the heat is well nigh unbearable, a wet cloth hung in the window over the blind will cool the room as if a shower had fallen, and every one knows how water poured on the pavement in front of the door will freshen the hot dry air. The principle of the reduction of temperature by evaporation is capable of much practical application. In India and other tropical countries, where ice is almost unknown, the natives cool their drinking water by suspending earthen jars filled with it in a brisk current of air, which process is said to cool it thoroughly and rapidly. So also, when ice is unattainable, butter may be kept firm and sweet by sitting the bowl containing it in a shallow vessel of water and covering with a napkin, the ends of which are well immersed in the water in the bottom dish. A wet handkerchief or sponge worn in the hat when exposed to the sun, as in the harvest field, will prevent sunstroke under the most intense heat known to our climate, and will often relieve headache arising from heat and exhaustion combined.

Spicer's Proverbs for the People.

You cannot catch fish with a cor-net.
Drinking whisky straight will not make your head level.
You will often have to get round a man in order to get square with him.
When you are asked to sign off, you may be sure there is a sign maent.
The report of a failed company is not necessarily a corp-oration.
Rifle teams were not made to draw gun carriages.
You need not call the watch because the clock "strikes;" if you wait long enough the "strike" movement will run down.
You must not expect peas because the enemy's city has been shelled.
It may be reason, but it will not put any rhyme into a decision to reverse it.
There is one cord that contains knots that no man can untie, and that is the cord of wood.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Fashion Notes.

Fawn color is fashionable for ladies' silk handkerchiefs.

"Sorrel-green" is the newest tint seen in many imported dresses.

Tinted or delicate shades of organdie are worn over silk of a deep color.

Black silk bonnets are imported to take the place of felt ones for fall.

Handsome morning wrappers are of black silk trimmed with pink flounces.

Turban hats made entirely of feathers are fashionable for ladies' traveling wear.

Shade hats of braided corn-shucks are brought from Florida, and worn at country resorts.

A very pretty dress for the country is made of any striped material; is prettiest in white and ecru batiste.

Arrows of dark blue enamel a half-inch long, the feather end being jewel-studed, are the latest design for earrings.

Parasols are made to match each suit, percale and batiste dresses having their own parasols as well as the popular bunting.

A single loop of colored ribbon sewed on white muslin dress-skirts is passed over the hand of the wearer to hold up the train.

Many of the fall costumes are made with square necks, to be worn over chemisettes, which are again coming into favor.

Importers say, that there is a smaller quantity of velvet in this country at present than at any previous time for many years.

A handsome overdress for watering places, is a polonaise of open-worked white silk, which can be worn with plain colored silk skirts.

Ladies' dress is taking on masculine styles again. Linen shirts with gold studs, and Marseilles vests form part of the newest summer toilets.

The black mitts which have been fashionable this season are now being replaced by mitts corresponding in color to the dress or trimmings worn.

Handkerchiefs now come with colored borders to match the summer suits and the sets of lingerie either in cachemire or delicate blues and pinks. Stockings in silk, with the different plain colors in stripes, are very handsome, but $5 and $6 a pair keep them above the reach of all but the wealthy.

It is said that a very novel and rich trimming for fall dresses is in the hands of the manufacturers. It is composed of colored beads mixed with passementeries, and intended to match the colors—topaz, *brute*, lapis lazuli, ruby, emerald, garnet, sapphire, turquoise, and amethyst being used according to the colors of the dress.

New styles in collars and cuffs for wearing with percale suits are the white linen low collar and wide cuff edge with percale like the dress. Other sets, with pretty percale and cretoune edges, may be worn with dark costumes of solid color effectively, and costs from $1.75 to $2.50. Handkerchiefs are edged in corresponding colors, or embroidered in blues and pinks prettily.

A toilette for a little girl, age seven to eight years, has the robe Princess Royal of pompadour rose pink toile batiste, garnished with lines of narrow galoon, the design over a much deeper shade, and at the bottom a plaited narrow flounce. At the side a pocket, garnished with a bow of faille. Sleeves trimmed to match the skirt. Hat of white straw trimmed with white muslin, and garnished with rose faille and feathers.

A walking or seaside toilette is composed of marine blue percale. The skirt trained, and trimmed with three flounces at the back. The Duchesse tablier, trimmed with white guipure lace. Corsage Marie, open in front, and garnished with a Medicis collar, edged with lace. A bow in front, as well as on the open sleeves, which are trimmed with plaitings and folds. Hat of straw, trimmed with muslin and flowers.

How the Rulers Dine.

Marshal MacMahon is frugal and never makes any observations on what is set before him. He is not a great drinker, but very fond of fruit.

Queen Victoria is not a great eater, but she likes beef and pastry.

The emperor of Russia is fond of game. He drinks plenty of Burgundy and champagne.

The emperor of Germany drinks anything he can get—Marcobrunner, Liebfrauenmilich and Roederer. He is a simple-hearted and merry guest. He likes beef and sweet dishes.

The emperor of Austria is a serious eater. He prefers beef and mutton to poultry. He drinks Hungaria wines and Bordeaux.

Victor Emmanuel has a strong appetite; loves small birds; does not touch the boars he kills. Burgundy is his wine.

The king of the Netherlands is a splendid eater. Give him anything and salmon, with old wine. His cellars are the finest in Europe.

The king of the Belgians has a stomach no bigger than a sparrow's. Cannot eat much; larks will do and old Burgundy.

The ex-king of Hanover takes pheasants, grouse and smoked ham, Rhenish wines and Moselle.

The king of Portugal is a miserable guest; eats little, drinks less.

Alphonse XII. has a brave stomach. Plenty of poultry, veal, dessert and claret.

The Life-Saving Service.

The statistics of wrecks which have occurred within the range of the life-saving service during the last fiscal year have just been made up at the Treasury department, and show that the number of vessels driven ashore by stress of weather during the year was 120, and that they had on board 1,253 persons. Of this number of lives there were 1,214 saved and 39 lost; the number lost being about three per cent. of those imperiled. The estimated value of the vessels wrecked was $1,746,464, and of their cargoes $1,348,876, making a total valuation of $3,095,331. The whole amount of property saved, so far as reported, was $1,554,505, and of that lost $1,053,826, leaving $487,000 not yet ascertained whether saved or lost. At fifty of the disasters the life-saving service apparatus was successfully used, and 838 persons were rescued by it.

Additional signals are preparing to be incorporated into the national code for use of vessels and life-saving stations, which will greatly facilitate communications between the vessels and the shore.

The "Faith Diamond."

One of the largest diamonds ever found in the South African fields, belongs to Miss Schreiner, a temperance preacher. It weighs 288 carats, and is called the "Faith Diamond." It is said that one of her brothers would not become a good templar on any consideration unless he found a rare big stone. Miss Schreiner finding all ordinary means of converting him to good templar's principles in vain, at last prayed that he might find a large diamond. Soon afterward the monster was unearthed, and the brother, who was a partner in the claim property, was as good as his word. He became, and is still, a consistent good templar. Local merchants have offered $100,000 for the stone. The lady is an enthusiastic temperance advocate, and preaches with wonderful ability.

CURIOSITIES OF FOOD.

Some Things of Interest to Epicures of High and Low Degree.

Man possesses a power of accommodating himself to a varied diet. All birds, insects and animals, with but few exceptions, are used as food by the different races on the globe, although such as are esteemed a delicacy by some are refused as unfit and disgusting by others. The main deductions from the diversity of diet, aside from the curiosities of taste thus presented, are that the same life-sustaining elements abound in all these manifold varieties of food.

Cannibalism, though now confined principally to the Polynesian Islands, was practiced by the ancient inhabitants of Britain, and even by other European countries, many years ago. The eating of horse flesh originated in Tartary, was introduced into Norway into 1810, and its use now prevails in fifteen European States besides France. Ancient Romans liked the flesh of the wild ass, the fox and the bear, and now we find Arabs eating camels; the Australians kangaroos; the East Indians, zebras, wolves, jackals and leopards; while the inhabitants of Abyssinia and Sumatra feast on elephant and hippopotamus meat.

Frogs are now eaten the world over; snails are used as food in many parts of Europe; sharks are relished by the Gold coast natives and New Zealanders; crocodiles are esteemed a luxury by the natives of Africa and Australia; slugs are in common use in China; walrus and seal grace the dining-halls of the Esquimaux, and whales adorn the fish markets of Japan.

Of the animals of smaller size the dog seems to be favorite eating in China, New Zealand, South Sea islands, Australia and parts of Africa. Pliny tells us that even Roman gourmands regarded puppies as a great delicacy. During the late siege in Paris dog flesh sold as high as sixty cents per pound. Of all nations the Chinese seem the least fastidious and have no prejudices not easily overcome, if they can only command a plentiful supply of dogs, cats, rats, mice, monkies, snakes, rotten eggs or putrid fish. Monkies are held in high esteem as food by the natives of Ceylon, Trinidad, Borneo, Spanish Guiana, and on the Amazon; hedgehog is a princely dish in Barbary and is also eaten in Spain; the Hudson bay skunk is eaten by the Indians there, and squirrels by the American Indians.

African natives eat ants stewed in palm oil, while the large white ants are roasted in pots and eaten by handfuls as we eat sugar plums. As to locusts (such unwelcome guests in America), they look upon them as a blessing, equal to our estimate of bread and butter; the smoke and salt them, boil or stew, grind them down as corn, and their use is very fattening. The Bedouins of Mesopotamia and other Eastern people dry and string locusts together to eat on their journeyings with unleavened bread; they are also enjoyed by the Persians, Egyptians, Arabians, Bushmen, who claim for them a strong vegetable taste flavored by the plants upon which they feed. Caterpillars were eaten by the ancients at their feasts; and the same happy custom is perpetrated by the natives of South Africa. Spiders, beetles and grasshoppers are included in the bills of fare of African Bushmen and the inhabitants of New Caledonia, to which the former add, by way of side dishes, roots and bulbs, the larvæ of ants, lizards and locusts. In India, Zanzibar, Java, China and South Australia the use of snakes, lizards and bats, as articles of food, is quite common.

A strange custom exists in many parts of the world of eating earth, probably having its origin in certain localities where the earth so used for food was found to consist in part of the remains of minute animals and organisms. Certain tribes live principally during the rainy seasons upon a fat, unctuous clay; and the same is eaten by Japanese belles, after being made into thin cakes, to give them slenderness of form. A kind of earth known as bread-meal is largely used in northern Europe, and a similar substance called mountain-meal has, in times of famine, stayed hunger in northern Germany. Much of the clay so commonly used in warm countries, and also by certain classes in the South, is mere diet, has no alimentary value, and its use leads to certain disease and sure death.

Civilization, agricultural and commerce elevates the customs and appetites of the nations of the earth, by broadening their fields for supply, and giving chance for comparison of the world's dietary systems. What was once consumed as a necessity is no longer palatable to the people whose opportunities are broadened and whose tastes are refined.—*Woonsocket Patriot.*

Kid Gloves.

The manufacture of kid gloves is an old French industry. Grenoble is the principal seat of the trade, over a third of its inhabitants being engaged in it, and it was from this city that the manufacture was introduced, some three hundred years ago, by wandering craftsmen, into other European cities, especially those of Germany. Paris not long ago grew to be the rival of Grenoble in the trade, mainly through the exertions of Jouvin, who brought the manufacture into prominent notice, and laid the foundation of that world-wide fame which the Parisian kid gloves have ever since enjoyed.

The French kid glove manufacture gives employment to over 70,000 hands, including those who attend to preparation of the leather. The yearly production amounts to something like 24,000,000 pairs, representing a value of 80,000,000 francs.

Kid gloves are made of the skins of goats, kids, sheep and lambs, which are supplied by all European countries, Saxony, however, furnishing the best. Great care is exercised in tanning in order to obtain leather of the required degree of softness and pliability. The dyeing of the leather is carried on in special establishments, for the convenience of glove makers who do not, like larger firms, attend to their own dyeing. The soft gloss of kid gloves is not, as some have been led to suppose, due to any peculiar treatment, but depends upon the quality of the leather and the care expended in its tanning.

Bread Riots During the War.

The women's riot at Chicago during the recent strike reminds the Nashville (Tenn.) *American* of the women's bread riots in the South during the war. It says:

The first broke out in Mobile with a clamor for bread, the women holding the streets for a day. Next day the women of Atlanta and Augusta took up the cry, and the day after, or within a very short time, those of Richmond, who were addressed by President Davis, Governor Letcher and Mayor Mayo. The fair rioters held the streets and clamored for bread. Rations were ordered, but they declined them and robbed a few jewelry stores, and a few dry goods stores suffered slightly. The damage, however, was trifling. They were dispersed with difficulty, on account of the gallantry which precluded the idea of using artillery on women. It was strikingly similar to the present strike in the suddenness and simultaneity of the different manifestations, though it was rather amusing than alarming, and nobody was hurt.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Tight Barns for Hay.

The general opinion among farmers probably is, that barns with air-spaces between the boarding are better adapted to cure and preserve hay than barns with very tight boarding and a tight bottom. But this opinion is founded upon the supposed fact that free access of air will assist in carrying off surplus moisture and prevent heating and fermentation, which supposed fact is not a fact at all when applied to a body of uncured hay. When this uncured grass is spread in thin layers on the field and exposed to the air, the moisture is carried off so rapidly as not to permit any heating or fermentation, but when placed in a thick body in a mow the heat, with access of air, causes rapid fermentation. The oxygen of the air feeds the fermentation and thus becomes the active cause of its destruction. This principle is familiar to the good housewife who preserves her fruit in an air-tight jar. We tried an experiment some years ago, which applied this principle to keeping green clover. We took a large linseed oil cask, unheaded at one end, filled it with green clover just in blossom, containing all its sap, crammed it solid, replaced the head, drove the hoops, and then stopped all air spaces with white-lead and paint. On opening, ten months after, the clover blossoms were found almost as bright as when put in.

Only a few months ago the Elmira Farmers' Club mentioned, as a warning to one who asked advice about putting uncured hay in barns, that a member of the club had lost his barn by fire caused by filling a cask with green clover, rammed in, and covering the top with two or three inches of earth. This mishap was caused by not sufficiently excluding the air. It did not invalidate the principle that green grass may be kept in air-tight receptacles, only that it could not be preserved with access to air. Almost every farmer has observed that grass needs more curing to put in stack than in barn, showing that just in proportion as the air is excluded may the hay be put in uncured. The tighter, then, the barns are made, the greener may the grass be put in mow. It is of great service to exclude the air from the sides and bottom of a mow, even with access of air at the top. Then the heating and fermentation take place slowly, turning the moisture into very thin, gassy vapor, that escapes at the top or passes off. If hay, or the fodder to be kept, is packed very solid, it affords less access to air and thus heats less rapidly and may escape injury, when if loose it would be destroyed by destructive fermentation.

I do not advise anybody to put uncured grass into the barn, but there is no doubt that hay is greatly injured by too much drying, as a general rule. It should be cured only so much as is necessary to secure its preservation. All drying increases the woody fiber. It will be seen that the best means of keeping slightly cured hay is to have very tight barns.—*Correspondence Country Gentleman.*

Recipes.

TOMATO SOUP.—Boil two and one-half pounds of lamb in four quarts of water; boil the lamb to shreds and the water down to two quarts; strain it. Peel and cut up fine two quarts of fresh tomatoes; mix them with the liquor; stir them hard, and boil them half an hour; season with parsley, pepper and salt; strain them again; stir in one tablespoonful of butter before pouring in the tureen. The broth in which chickens were boiled is often preferred to the lamb.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—Three cupfuls stewed apples, nearly a cupful sugar, six eggs, one quart of milk. Sweeten the apples well and let cool, mix the eggs with the apples, season with nutmeg, stirring in the milk slowly. One crust.

MARBLED CAKE.—One cupful butter, two cupfuls sugar, three cupfuls flour, four eggs, one cupful sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar sifted in the flour; when the cake is mixed take out a teacupful of the batter and stir into this a large spoonful of chocolate, wet with a little milk; fill your pan about an inch thick with yellow batter, and drop upon this in two or three places a spoonful of the dark mixture, forming fancy rings; proceed with the light until all is used up.

WATERMELON CAKE.—Take two cupfuls of sugar, one of butter, one of milk, the whites of eight eggs, two cupfuls of flour, one of corn-starch and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Take one-third of the batter and mix half a cupful of currants with it; take another third and add to it a little cochineal and a lump of alum the size of a pea dissolved in a little water. Flavor and arrange in your pan as marble cake.

PRESERVED PEACHES.—Pare the peaches, cut them in half, and remove the stones; allow one pound of granulated sugar to one pound of peaches; crack one-quarter of these stones, extract the kernels, and remove the dark skin; then boil them in just water enough to cover them; boil until soft; let them steep in a covered bowl until needed; place the peaches and sugar alternately in layers in a porcelain kettle, let it warm up slowly, then strain the kernels and add the water; (the kernels may also be added if desired); let them boil slowly until the peaches are clear and tender; it takes about half an hour; then skim them out carefully and lay them upon large, flat dishes; boil the syrup until it is clear and thick, about fifteen minutes; skim thoroughly as fast as the skim rises; fill jars two-thirds full of the cold preserved peaches; pour on the boiling syrup; when cold, place brandied tissue paper on top, and cover the jar well with stout paper.

The Cabbage Worm.

W. D. A., Tioga county, Pa., writes: "Not having seen anything this season with regard to a very troublesome pest which is among us, I send you a specimen for information. It is called here the cabbage worm, and is produced by the miller or moth, which I send also. The moth appears about the time the cabbage begins to head, and the cabbage is soon covered with the worms, attacking especially the inner leaves, and soon ruining it if not attended to. There are numerous remedies for killing the worms, such as black pepper, hot soap suds, saltpetre, and others, but as this worm is hidden more or less under the leaves these are not wholly effectual. The only sure remedy we have is hand picking. Is there no way of keeping the moth away from the cabbage?"

Reply.—The cabbage worm, which we suppose is here referred to, for no specimen was received with the letter, is the larva of the white butterfly, known as *Pieris rapa*. It has one or two round black spots upon the wings and appears in May and in July or August, there being two broods in one year. We notice them flying about our cabbages at the present time. There is no certain remedy for these pests but catching them, and where a considerable quantity of cabbages are grown, it will pay to keep a child in the garden on the watch for them. This is best done by means of a small net of gauze or mosquito bar fastened to a wire hoop, which is fixed to a light pole for a handle. With this an active boy or girl can capture the butterflies as fast as they come on to the cabbages. When the worms appear they may be treated to a dose of dry slaked lime, which we have found to be very effective in getting rid of them, as also all soft bodied worms and slugs. The worms should be carefully looked for. A quantity of fresh burned lime may be kept in a damp cellar until it falls to a fine dry powder, when it should be kept in a dry place in a close box or jar for use. This is dusted over the worms as they may be discovered, when they are too numerous for hand picking.

Staking Tomato Plants.

Stake your tomato plants now, before they fall over and go sprawling along the ground. Drive a stout stake four or five inches high, close to each plant, with two or three cross pieces a foot long nailed on it. Nip out every lateral branch that starts from the main stalk, above the leaves, and tie the plants to the stake as it grows, with coarse twine. For early fruit select three or four of the most forward plants, and pinch off not only all laterals but the main stalk, a few inches above the first cluster of blossoms. You thus divert all the vigor of the plants into one cluster of fruit, and can ripen tomatoes two or three weeks ahead of the other plants. We have had twenty-four fine "Trophies," making a cluster as large as one could cover with a hat, ripened, the most of them, in July, by this process. Under favorable conditions of soil and culture, on the single-stalk system, tomato plants will grow five or six feet high, and ripen as many clusters of fruit—cleaner, better in flavor, larger and earlier.

White Specks in Butter.

Caroline, Suffolk county, N. Y., asks the cause of hard white specks in butter, and how to avoid them.

Reply.—There are several causes for this defect. It always occurs with the milk of some cows, and in this case cannot be avoided. In other cases it is caused by an acid condition of the milk; it is then remedied by putting a pinch of soda in each pan of milk as it is set away. Sometimes it is caused by the milk standing too long and the cream being too sour, when particles of curd become mixed with the butter in churning. The proper course to pursue is to find out which of these causes is acting, and apply the obvious remedy.

The Origin of Steam Printing.

It is remarkable that the steam engine was not called to the aid of the printing press sooner than it was; but it had long been used in many of the industrial arts before it became the handmaid to "the art preservative of all arts." The first printing by steam was on the issue of the London *Times* for November 29, 1814. The improved hand-presses of that day could only strike off from two to three hundred impressions an hour with one man to ink the types and another to work the press. At that rate a very large edition of a daily paper was simply impossible, for one day's work could not be completed before the next day's must begin. The *Times* then printed from three to four thousand copies daily, and Mr. John Walters, the proprietor (the second of that name), began as early as 1804 to consider whether the work might not be expedited in some way.

In that year Thomas Martyn, a compositor in the *Times* office, got up a model of a self-acting machine for working the press, and Walters furnished the money for the continuance of his experiments. As usual in the early history of labor-saving machinery, this attempt met with bitter opposition from the workmen, who supposed their craft was in danger. Martyn was in fear of his life because of the threats of the pressmen, and partly on that account, and partly because Walter had small capital at that time, the scheme was given up. As soon, however, as Konig's printing machine was invented, in 1814, Walter consented that it should be tried on the *Times*; but for fear of the workmen, the experiment was made, not in the regular printing office of the paper, but in an adjoining building. Here Konig and his assistant, Bauer, worked secretly for several months, testing and perfecting the machine. On the twenty-ninth of November everything was ready for actual work on the paper, and the result is thus told in a biographical sketch of Mr. Walter, which appeared in the *Times* in July, 1847:

"The night on which this curious machine was first brought into use in its new abode was one of great anxiety and even alarm. The suspicious pressmen had threatened destruction to any one whose inventions might suspend their employment—'destruction to him and his traps.' They were directed to wait for expected news from the continent. It was about six o'clock in the morning when Mr. Walter went into the pressroom, and astonished its occupants by telling them that the *Times* was already printed by steam, that if they attempted violence there was a force ready to suppress it; but that if they were peaceable their wages should be continued to every one of them till similar employment could be procured. The promise was no doubt faithfully performed; and having so said he distributed several copies among them. Thus was this most hazardous enterprise undertaken and

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, Pa., Sept. 13, 1877.

STATE DEM. TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE.
JOHN TRUNKEY, of Venango.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL.
WM. P. SCHELL, of Bedford.

FOR STATE TREASURER.
Col. A. C. NOYES, of Clinton

Charley S. Wolf, of Lewisburg, was at the republican state convention, at Harrisburg last week, and made a speech in which he said, "I am here as a rebuke to the Camerons." Bully for you Charles—but suppose Simon and his Don won't be rebuked, what then?

Down in Kentucky, in Henry county, last week, the people treated four men to Lynch law. The fellows were taken out of jail at night, and hung. Three were brothers. For the last 17 years they were part of a band of banditti, who shot, stole and burned without fear. Some of their comrades were lynched some time before.

Mr. A. R. Cornell is the republican naval officer at New York, and an influential republican leader, and Chairman of the republican state committee. According to Hayes' recent order, being a federal office holder, Mr. Cornell can not longer take a hand in managing politics, and must either resign the naval office or the chairmanship. But Cornell swears he'll do neither, and defies the President, and has gone on and issued a call for the meeting of the state convention. Cornell's rebellion is attracting large attention, and the cabinet has had his contumacious conduct under consideration. Cornell, if removed by the fraudulent President, will submit his case to the senate, and expects that body will not sanction Hayes' new civil service rules, and that it will not confirm the appointment of another. Well, let's see who'll win in this family quarrel.

By a collision on the At. & Gr. Western railroad, on 5, 1000 barrels of oil and a locomotive were destroyed by fire.

Dan Hastings was on the committee on resolutions in the rad state convention, last week. If they sour on any ones stomach, Dan did it, of course.

There seems to be no doubt now that Osman Pasha the Turkish General, is Gen. R. Clay Crawford, an American who served in the confederate army. Gen. Reynolds is authority for this, he has corresponded with him since the war and in 1873 had a letter from him stating that he was in the service of the Egyptian government and was called Osman Bey. He heard of him subsequently as being in the Turkish service under the title of Osman Pasha.

The democrats carried California, last week, and have a majority in both houses which will elect a United States senator in place of Sargeant, radical.

Pasmore the Cameron nominee for auditor general is known to many in Centre county, as a Life Insurance tramp—who, like the other common tramp, went from house to house to pester people to have their lives insured, and at one time took much pains to explain to us "the plan" of his company. Every body will understand what the "plan" of the Camerom clan is without much explanation from Passmore.

Thiers is dead. France mourns the decease of her greatest scholar, historian and statesman. The Republic looses its mightiest leader. Thiers was the terror of the monarchists, and the maintsay of the Republic. At 80 years of age he was vigorous, clear-sighted, watchful, as though in the noon-day of life. The enemies of a republic in France found in Mr. Thiers the great obstacle to the establishment of an empire, and in his death they behold a mighty obstacle out of their way, and intrigue and plotting may again triumph in the downfall of the Republic with the assistance of the seemingly untrue MacMahon, now president of the Republic, who is ruled by his wife, and she desires the empire reestablished.

The death of Thiers is a heavy loss to the republicans of France. They may carry the October elections still, but with Thiers alive, there would have been no doubt. Every citizen of the United States sympathizes with his republican bretheren in France over the loss of their powerful leader.

All friends of the French republic are apprehensive of a plot to establish a monarchy, and France may wake up some morning and find the republic turned out of doors and some sprig of defunct royalty upon the throne. The Tribune says private letters from Paris report that the situation there is growing as exciting and full of suspense as the third act of a melodrama. Jacques and his confreres are said to congregate about the wineshops of St. Antoine, and indulge in fierce talk while Madame Defarge, back of the counter with a flower in her hair, knits hard and scowls with darker meaning than in the days of Jones the lockmaker. It is reported in these council chambers that the Prince Imperial is to marry the Marshal's daughter as soon as he is seated on the throne, as the price of MacMahon's treachery to the Republic. Madame MacMahon is also believed to hold all the strings which move the larger puppets, and hence that plump, well-preserved old lady, who drives comfortably about with a poodle in her arms, is doomed by the people to a worse fall than Marie Antoinette, if Jacques should ever get into power again. Meantime, the Marshal has crowded every alleyway with soldiers, the police force are doubled within the last three weeks, and all go about armed to the teeth. As half the soldiers in Paris two months ago had wives and sweethearts in the quarter of St. Antoine, city-born men have been ordered to the provinces, and the forces now guarding the metropolis are all from the country. They are a lean, hungry, spiritless set of men, but will probably prove more effective tools should the Marshal find that the result of the elections calls for a coup d'etat on his part. Persons are even to be found who prophesy that this coup d' etat is certain and will be successful, and that the Exposition will be opened next Summer by the Empress and her son instead of the Marshal and his comfortable wife. Baseless as most of these rumors undoubtedly are, they give evidence of a feverish, excited condition of the public mind, which must continue until the October elections restore confidence—or destroy it.

The Democrats in different sections are organizing "Square Timber" clubs as a compliment to Colonel Noyes.

RAD STATE CONVENTION.

In the rad state convention, Mr. Bunn a delegate from Philadelphia, sent a resolution to the chair, which was not read but the gist of which was that the convention commend the christian character of Mr. Hayes exhibited in his every day life, and propose as appropriate to be sung at the White House every evening the little hymn beginning, "When I can read my title clear."

The Philadelphia boys sat in a close circle, embracing McManus, Leeds, Ash, McCullough, Bunn, Albright, Douglass and others, and they made the hall musical with hilarious and irreverent speeches about President Hayes' title to his office.

Judge Sterrett of Allegheny was nominated for supreme judge by acclamation.

On the nominations for auditor general, Mr. Wolfe, of Union, endorsed Reeder's nomination in a violent speech against Mackey and others who used their influence for Passmore. He claimed that it was not a fight between Passmore and Reeder, but the people against the treasury ring. He declared that Mackey's conduct has been perfidious. His remarks created a great sensation, and he was alternately hissed and applauded.

He spoke for more than half an hour in denunciation of the unworthy means used to defeat Reeder. He warned the convention that if they nominated Hart and Passmore there was great danger of the defeat of the republican party.

A. Wilson Norris late private secretary to Gov. Hartranft, said it pained him to denounce friends of long years, but three months ago he went to the men now opposing Reeder and they promised to either support him or remain neutral, and he now impeached them for their dishonesty. He charged them with making war against Hartranft because they could not control his appointments. He appealed to the young Republicans to stand by Hartranft.

A decided sensation followed this public defiant declaration of war by Hartranft against Cameron, as all at once regarded Norris as the oracle of the Governor. When he declared with violent emphasis that he uttered the truth before God when he said that the blows apparently aimed at Fell and Reeder were intended as deathly stabs at Hartranft. He said that he could no longer be silent, that the issue had come and must be met, and he closed with the unqualified notice that revolution and disaster were at hand unless the Cameron dogs of war should be called off at once.

W. B. Hart was nominated for state treasurer.

The convention then proceeded to the first ballot for auditor general, which resulted in 165 votes for John A. M. Passmore and 82 votes for Howard J. Reeder.

The ticket was the one fixed on by Cameron, who had control of the convention.

Hon. W. H. Armstrong, of Williamsport, was chairman.

At last boss Tweed is temporarily out of jail. The aldermanic committee on the investigation of ring frauds met on 6. Wm. M. Tweed was present with his counsel and gave a history of the various offices he held under the city. He testified to a ring that was formed in the board of supervisors for passing excessive bills in 1860. The ring consisted of Roach, Briggs and himself. In 1863 Henry Smith was added to it, in 1865 John Fox, and in 1866 James Hayes, and in 1867 Isaac J. Oliver and Andrew J. Blakely were added, but the last two did not know all that was going on, but they got their rake. In 1870 the board of supervisors was abolished. The Tweed ring had nothing to do with the supervisors ring, the former was under Hoffman's administration as mayor, and was composed of witness, John T. Hoffman, Comptroller Brennan and Street Commissioner Cornell. They met only for secret and political purposes. Some of these men went ont of office and this ring then became composed of A. Oakey Hall, Comptroller Connelly, Street Commissioner M'Lean and himself.

Passmore, with whom Mackey beat Hartranft and Reeder, is probably the greatest blatherskite in Pennsylvania. He is a life insurance agent, and first cousin to the lightning rod man and sewing machine pirate.

Correct—so says the Pittsburg Post.

The Pope's health is not improved. His limbs are partially paralyzed.

A democratic legislature in California, and a democratic U. S. Senator gained in consequence, was well enough for last week.

Schurz denies the charge that he appointed a Tilden man to office—Mr. Finley, to a position in the Interior Dept. While the appointment of a Tilden man might be a credit to the administration, it would certainly be a discredit to any democrat to be connected with a fraudulent administration.

California has 38 democratic majority in the legislature on joint ballot. Stealing the presidency had a bad effect in the golden state. Judge Black in his closing speech to the Electoral Commission spoke thus:

"Justice travels with a leaden heel but strikes with an iron hand. Wait till the flood gate is lifted, and a full head of water comes rushing on. Wait and you will see fine grinding then."

Hayes has wilted on the Cornell business. The cabinet had the case up again on Friday 7, and it was resolved to let Cornell alone until after congress meets. A bold soger boy is Hayes, to be snubbed in his sivil service order by a subordinate.

J. C. C. Whaley, of the Cl. Democrat, is the member of the Dem. State Central Committee, from this senatorial district. A good and fitting selection.

Judge Smith of New Orleans has recently delivered an extra-judicial, but seemingly righteous decision. James Cazentre who has a wife and several children, courted Maggie Kern's younger sister, assuming the name of Joe Wagner, and representing himself as a single man. When the older sister heard that he was a married man, and was going about among his friends boasting of his new conquest, she lay in wait for him, threw lime or flour in his face, and then knocked him down. The gay deceiver applied for an order of arrest, but the Judge discharged the assailant with these words: "You have done just what you should do. As for this man, I have seen much of human nature, but never in my life have I seen so much meanness in so little of God's make. There is a man who assumes a name and represents himself as a single man, to make love to an unprotected young lady, and when her sister discovers that he is a fraud, she punishes him herself because she has no one to do it for her. He has the impudence to call in a Court of justice and ask for redress. I am sorry that the law does not permit me to punish him as he ought to be. If you had beat him more severely, he would have got just what he deserved.

The recent speeches of the Presidential party makes a Boston paper sigh for Webster, Everett, or fifteen seconds of General Grant.

A lawyer in St. Louis declined a fee of $4,000, saying that $3,000 was enough. This being his first offense, he will not be disbarred.

THE PENNSVALLEY CAVE.

The wonderful cave, a few miles east of Centre Hall, and of which we have often before made mention in the Reporter, is beginning to attract, as it well deserves, visitors from a distance. Some of its most interesting chambers, we were among the first to thoroughly explore, some years ago. Mr. E. M Leuffer C. E., by measurement finds the length to be 1100 feet. A recent Philadelphia pleasure seeker, sends the *Press* the following description of this cave:

Penn's Valley Cave! Who ever heard of it? Just fresh from a glorious trip of thousands of miles, with Havana and Watkins visited only the day before, we did not look for anything that could excite our admiration largely, after the enjoyable experience then fresh in mind. Now we take a pleasure almost malicious in the thought that such a gem has been hidden, nearly unnoticed, in our own Pennsylvania, and that we have been among the early few instead of the future many to visit this new resort. A section of railroad thrown open only this month, now furnishes easy access to a point three miles from the cave; but before the formal opening a preliminary train of ten crowded cars, a valuable freight of the families of governors, generals, ex-secretaries, and "lesser lights," was run over the hardly finished track. The abundant music from the rails told of a brand-new, unspread gague and rails fresh from the rolls. The cattle thronged tunnel and track with a lazily curious grace, not yet having learned at their peril to give a "right of way." At every cabin door, father, mother and children were out in full array to greet "the train" at last, and give a welcome with a hearty wave of hat and towel and apron.

Find Lewisburg on your map, and then Spring Mills, if you can, forty miles westward, the very heart of our State: a tiny collection of houses nestling among the foot-hills of the ranges on either side. For twenty years or more engineers have been threatening the quiet of this loveliest of Pennsylvania valleys, but only now has the locomotive succeeded in reaching it.

From the Mills, or, more properly, Duncan, its official name, we start for a ride of three miles along Penn's Creek, as it winds through meadows of greenest grass or creeps darkly beneath the shades of low-drooping hemlock; thence our road crosses hill after hill with ever-varying views, making us almost miss the mouth of our cave, a deep hollow in the meadow, hidden by a fringe of trees. Following a winding path and long flights of steps, we find ourselves amid the ferns at the entrance; and we don our heaviest overcoats, for the icy air from this cave makes us shiver, as we stand gazing at the towering ledges of rock far above our heads and peer into the darkness before us. Perhaps the shiver is not altogether from cold, for the awful gloom before us, the deep, dark water on which we are to float through the cavern, the long unknown journey before us, make a sober party of us. Not even the sight of our stout barge, the "Margie," with its ranges of comfortable seats, its rows of candles and the huge reflection, is sufficient to reassure us, and we draw all our wraps close about us with very little to say. Almost too fast we drift forward, and the rocks slope down to seize us in the narrow passage ahead, strange forms start at us from every side, lines of white shooting along and across the black roof overhead, fold after fold of rocky drapery and icicle of stone stretch away to the right and left, the huge Gloved hand reaches down after us from above, and the Ghosts of the Cavern stand motionless at our shoulder. As we pass through the Hall of Snow Drifts the chimes peal suddenly forth, and ere their clear tones have ceased ringing through the aisles the low, deep boom of the great cathedral bell announces our entrance into the grand nave grander than all before. It is difficult to decide which makes the deeper impression, the roll and echo over the flow of water or the sound from these stalactites as they are touched by the guide at the bow, or the sudden entrance into this great vault of the cathedral. On the left all is darkness and gloom; on the right, far above, is the choir, with its throng of glistening white-robed figures—a choir of angels we called it.

Leaving the Cathedral we pass through the narrow door of the Sepulchre, with the great stone on our left. The walls and ceilings are wonderfully adorned and draped on the right of this chamber. Thence through a constant succession of ever-changing formations, grand or graceful, or comic even; the Hall of Fringes, the Triangle Hall, where the rocky roofs drop from the cave on each side, almost shutting off our way; fountains of foaming limestone pouring forth seemingly here and there; curious chambers in the roof of elves and gnomes, who must be responsible for all these wonders of workmanship; umbrella-like shelves and ledges hiding who knows what under their dark shadows; the Avenue of Diamonds, the tiny drop on each of a myriad of stalactites glittering like a gem as the light is thrown across the ceiling; and, last of all the Vatican, finest of all, if you have time and strength to explore it. Our profane leader fastened our boat to one of the motionless ushers awaiting us at the landing; as if in rebuke, a dripping stalactite above extinguished our candle. Be careful of your lights in groping through these Vatican chambers and stairs; and do not forget the lonely prisoner off in the innermost room, banished from the groups behind us to a double darkness in silence.

There is a weird charm, as well as ease, in making the journey by water, and a more perfect enjoyment of every scene as it comes into view. We wished for a trio of flutes, more lights, and time to linger over each scene. But the day is well spent, and we turn reluctantly back towards our resting place at the Mills. A. A.

WILL HAYES' POLICY DIVIDE THE SOUTHERN DEMOCRACY?

WELLS AND ANDERSON BOOKED FOR THE PENITENTIARY.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

It is supposed that what has been denominated as "Hayes' policy" in the South will have the effect to divide the Democratic party in the South. I had a long conversation with Lieutenant Governer Wiltz, of Louisiana, in regard to that Governor Wiltz seemed amused at the idea of Hayes' policy or any other policy dividing the Democracy of the South. He said that if Hayes was to run again to-morrow for President, he might get a few Democratic votes in Louisiana, but not enough to make any perceptible effect on the result. "We are," said Governor Wiltz, "very much pleased with the manner in which Mr. Hayes has acted. We now have just what we wanted, local self-government. The Democratic party will present a solid front hereafter, and of course we will have a solid South. Why shouldn't we? Our interests all prompt it; and more than that, the colored voters will help us hereafter, and in a short time, we will be stronger and richer than ever we were before. I have always been in favor of utilizing the colored voters by taking them by the hand and swinging them into the line, but I cannot get our fellows to do it. It was distasteful to them, but they are coming round all right.

"Our cotton crops are splendid; our sugar crops were never better. We are getting rich again, and we shall soon be more powerful than ever, and you men of the North will want to disfranchise the darkey as a measure of self-defence. We want men to come down and bring capital and help us to build up our country—help to develop it."

I said the trouble seems to be that a man must agree with you politically or remain silent, if he comes among you, or else he will be ostracized and treated with insult.—"Oh, no sir," chimed in the Governor, "not unless he wants to rule our people, sir. Of course if he comes down there and wants to rule over us, we would resent it. But a Republican can vote just as he pleases; but if he is quiet, and bears himself properly, he can get along as well as a Democrat, and be respected."

"Then you feel certain that the Democratic party is getting stronger in the South?" "Oh yes, there is no doubt about that. The Democracy will control in the South hereafter. They would have controlled long ago but for the presence of Federal bayonets. You see as soon as the troops were withdrawn, the Packard Government disappeared. We'll have no trouble hereafter; the Democrats will elect their officers."

"What will you do with Wells and Anderson, of the Returning Board?" I asked.

"Oh, sir, they will be convicted of perjury and punished. We must have that done as a warning to evil-doers. Wo shan't disturb the President, though. We will have the members of the Returning Board convicted and punished, but we don't intend to dispute Mr. Hayes' title to his office. We are very well satisfied with him."

Governor Wiltz regarded everything in the South as lovely, and was exceedingly pleased with the altitude of the goose.

The Governor is a frank, outspoken man; says what he thinks and doesn't mince matters. He has no kind of doubt but that Wells and Anderson will be stowed away in the Penitentiary, as a warning to all future Returning Boards.

What took me aback was the manner in which he spoke of the certainty of the conviction of the members of the Returning Board.

A special dispatch from Paris to The Evening Standard says: "It would be impossible to convey an idea of the grief and consternation which prevails at the death of M. Thiers. This morning the news spread like wildwire, and, even at an early hour, although the weather was very inclement, the streets were filled with people, in great excitement. Some were actually shedding tears, and all were giving vent to feelings of grief and apprehension, the death of Mr. Thiers, just now, being regarded by all as a national calamity. The deceased states man had been staying, during the last few weeks, at the Pavilion Henri Quatre, at St. German-en-Lave, and had caught a slight cold, but nothing led to the anticipation of this sudden termination of his eventful career."

THOMAS J. KELTZ, while plowing in a field in Westmoreland county, was caught in a thunder storm. He sought refuge under a tree, which was struck by lightning. One of his horses was killed and he was severely injured. He was rendered insensible for a considerable time. When he recovered he called for assistance, and several persons responded. When they arrived not a vestige of clothing was found upon him, his garments, even to his shoes, appearing as though they had been rent assunder by an explosion or had passed through a threshing machine. The marks of the electric fluid were visible upon his person from the neck down to the heels, one of which was badly lacerated, while the indentations in the ground bore evidence of his feet having been driven into the earth some three or four inches. He was in a fair way of recovery at last accounts

To prevent the constantly recurring fires in the snow-sheds on the Central Pacific Railroad, the managers have devised a complete fire telegraph system with an alarm-box every mile. Track-walkers patrol the road day and night, and when they come to a box turn in a signal of safety or an alarm, as the case may be. A lofty tower has also been erected on a mountain 10,000 feet high, commanding with telescopes a view of the line from Blue Canon to the Summit, and from this observers will constantly watch the road, having telegraphic communication with the fire train at Cisco, which is always ready to set out for a conflagration.

PENN'A DEM. PLATFORM.

FIRST—That the induction of Rutherford B. Hayes into the office of President, notwithstanding the election of Samuel J. Tilden thereto, was a high crime against free government, which has not been endorsed and will not be forgotten. The same spirit of patriotism which forbore a contest upon the first offense will resist and punish any attempt at a second,

SECOND—That the immediate happy effect of the application by the Federal administration of the Democratic policy of non-intervention in internal affairs of Southern States amply vindicates our frequent protests against previous violation of the reserved right of the several States to exercise all power not delegated to the General Government by express constitutional provision.

THIRD—That the purpose to reform the Civil Service, which has been proclaimed by the present Administration, is, like its Southern policy, a confession of the failure of Radicalism and a just tribute to the Democracy, which has long and earnestly demanded the overthrow and punishment of all corrupt officials.

FOURTH—That capital combined in corporate organization has been too highly favored by both Federal and State legislation, and its demands for large returns are inconsistent with the depressed condition of laboring and business interests of the country. We oppose further enactments for its special benefit at the expense of other interests. Labor and capital should have no cause for antagonism, and they should be left free to adjust its own relations. The right to contract freely exists for both parties.

FIFTH—That we accept the admonition of Jackson in saying that standing armies are dangerous to free governments in time of peace: "I shall not seek to enlarge our present establishment nor disregard the salutary lesson of political experience which teaches that the military should be held subordinate to civil power." Accordingly the increase of the Federal army and any attempt to employ it as a partisan agent of Federal authority, or for interference with the sovereign rights of States, will receive continued earnest opposition of the Democracy of Pennsylvania.

That the deprivation of employment of many thousands of industrious citizens and laborers, and the deep distress of themselves and families enlist our hearty sympathy, and we declare in the language of Thomas Jefferson, the founder of our party, that "A wise and frugal Government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, and shall leave them otherwise free to emulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned," is the hope of people in adversity and their security in prosperity, and that under such a government which it is the mission of the Democracy to maintain and perpetuate, any resort to force or to violation of law or invasion of rights of person or of property to redress grievance, is needless and at war with the free institutions under which the only rightful remedy is by frequently recurring elections of the representatives of the people in State Legislatures and in the Federal Congress to accomplish the will of the majority, which should be accepted by the voice of all.

SIXTH—That many of our rich men have not been content with equal production and equal benefits, but have besought us to make them rich by acts of Congress, and by attempting to gratify their desires we have, in the results of our legislation, arrayed section against section, interest against interest, and man against man in fearful commotion, and therefore the grant by the legislatures of States or by Congress of executive privileges, and the establishment of odious monopolies, under pretext of public benefit, or of justice to certain sections of the country, are a direct assault upon the equal rights of the people, and as these monopolies have been contrived to enrich the few, whilst a large number of people are reduced to want. The Democracy of Pennsylvania protests against subsidies, land grants, loans of the public credit, and appropriations of the people's money to any corporation as legalized plunder of the tax-paying industries of the country.

SEVENTH—That we look with alarm and apprehension upon the pretensions of the great transportation companies to be above the fundamental law of this Commonwealth, which governs all else within our borders, and until they accept the Constitution of 1873 in good faith, they should remain objects of the utmost vigilance and jealousy by both the Legislature and the people.

Resolved, That we hereby re affirm and adopt the financial resolutions of the National Democratic platform, adopted at St. Louis in 1876.

THE BATTLE OF PELISAT.

Details of the Conflict—Great Valor Displayed by the Combatants.

London, Tuesday, Sept. 4.—The Daily News's special telegram, dated Poredin, August 31, contains the following: "Osman Pasha's attack on the Russian positions at Pelisat and vicinity, was one of the most hardly fought battles of the war. The Turks early in the fight captured a Russian redoubt one mile in front of Pelisat. In the course of one hour this redoubt was taken by the Turks, retaken by the Russians, and taken again by the Turks. The Russian left wing was driven back on Pelisat in front of which trenches had been dug and were lined with troops. The Turks advanced as though determined to drive our left out of Pelisat and turn it.

The Turks began to descend the hill in that direction, not with a rush, but leisurely, and without firing—not in masses or lines, but scattered and diffused. They came down about half way in this manner, the Russian artillery tearing up the groups all the time in the most savage manner. The Russian infantry fire which had for the last five minutes been very heavy, about Zgaleuce now began to roll along the hill-crest in our direction and the Turks who were just coming into range began to drop rapidly.

The Turkish advance now veered to the left and went at the Russian trenches on the crest of the hills between Pelisat and Zgaleuce with a shout, opening fire at the same time. The Turks descended into a little hollow and were lost to sight for a time, while the Russian trenches flamed and smoked, and a storm of balls was poured into the advancing Turks. This must have lasted fifteen or twenty minutes during which time fearful loss of life must have occurred.

Then we saw the Turks begin to withdraw, carrying off their wounded. The Turks no sooner withdrew from the Russian fire, than they formed and advanced again. Many dead bodies of Turks were found within ten feet of the Russian trenches. The little slope on the crest of which the trenches were situated, was literally covered with dead. I counted seven on a space of not more than ten feet square. The battle here was terrible, but the Turks were again repulsed. It will hardly be believed that they went at it again, and yet they did so. It seemed madness, because the Russian fire never slackened an instant and that the Russian line never wavered, while reserves were waiting behind ready to fall in at the least sign of wavering. This scene of carnage was again repeated but only lasted a moment.

The Turks, completely broken, withdrew, sullenly firing, and carrying off their wounded and many of their dead. They fell back on the redoubt which they had first taken, apparently with the intention of holding it, but they were not allowed to remain there long. Another attack on the Russian centre had been as unsuccessful as that on the Russian trenches on the left.

The Russians pursued the retreating Turks with a murderous fire. Then six companies went at them with the bayonet and swept them out of the redoubt like a whirlwind.

At 4 o'clock the Turks were in retreat everywhere and the Russians occupied the whole of their first positions besides pursuing the Turks a short distance with cavalry. The Russians were about 20,000 strong. Their loss is estimated at 500 and the Turkish less at 2,000 killed and wounded.

London, Sept. 5.—The Standard's Bucharest correspondent says the battle of Lovatz was commenced by the Turks, who disquieted by the great increase of Russians before the town, attacked them fiercely. The Russians repulsed nine successive assaults and finally drove them back into the town, which they entered with them. The struggle continued in the streets until the Turks were driven out from the other side of town in great disorder.

They retreated, followed by General Skobeleff's cavalry brigade, which had, by its gallantry, largely contributed to the Russian success. The slaughter was great, especially among the Turks.

Bucharest, September 6.—An important engagement was fought near Rustchuck yesterday morning. Soon afterwards the Russians commenced a bombardment of that city from Slobosia, which was replied to by the Turks. The cannonade lasted all yesterday and continued to-day. The Turks from Widdin attempted last night to reach Chuperchim near Kalafat in boats but were driven back by a Roumanian battery which was quickly brought up. The garrison of Widdin has been raised to the strength of 8 000 men in consequence of the threatened attitude of Servia.

London, Sept. 6.—A special edition of the Standard has the following dispatch from Constantinople: The Turkish commander in Herzegovinia reports that a band of 2,000 Montenegrins surrounded a village near Pressika intending to get cattle and corn. During the night a fresh band of Montenegrins arrived, whom the first band supposed to be Turks. A fierce combat took place in which 700 were killed and a great number wounded. The mistake was not discovered until the morning.

VICTORIES BY THE TURKISH AND RUSSIAN ARMIES.

Seven Thousand Wounded Turks—The Steep Hillsides of Shipka Full.

London, Sept. 7.—A dispatch to the London Times dated Erzeroum, Sept. 4, says: "The battle of Kiziltepe, which resulted in the Russians being completely driven from their position at Kedlar, cost the Turks 480 in killed and 1,400 in wounded.

Kiziltepe Hill, which was held by five batallions of Russian infantry, the remainder having withdrawn to Kardick on the 23d of August, was attacked at two o'clock in the morning on the 24, by two divisions under Ali Pasha and Mehemet Bey. They were both wounded. The Russians, outnumbered by ten to one, fought bravely, but were driven off from their main camp. They came up about nine o'clock and made three unsuccessful attempts to carry the hill by storm. These were most gallantly received by the Turks, who finally remained masters of the field, and have now strongly intrenched Kiziltepe hill."

London, Sept. 6.—A special dispatch Constantinople by way of Lyra, to the Times, says: "Three thousand wounded from Suleiman Pasha's army have reached Adrianople. The English doctors report 4,000 more at Kozanlik, and that at Shipka they lie all over the steep hillsides."

Terrible Losses of the Turks at Lovatz.

Immediately after the redoubt was taken the correspondent entered it. The road and adjacent plain were thickly dotted with the dead and wounded. Up the slope where the Russians had charged the redoubt I was surprised to find so few dead, the Turkish fire having principally gone too high. Inside of the redoubt were corpses of Turks and Russians thickly strewing the ground, but at the western end, where the Turks had been jammed in their efforts to escape a space of fifty feet by twenty was covered with Turkish dead and wounded to the depth of five feet. The living and dead were lying on each other in a dense mass steaming with heat and blood. Around this Moslem pile was a fringe of dead Russians, showing that there had been a fearful struggle in this fatal space. Russians were standing upon this mass of humanity. I watched them working manfully to separate the living from the dead. In half an hour they had made scarcely any impression on that fearful pile. The road by which the Turks had retreated was strewn with Turks, with here and there a Russian. Some of the Turks had been shot first and then repeatedly bayoneted. The correspondent estimates the Russian loss at 1,000. Masses were not exposed as at Plevna, and skill was substituted for brute force. General Razmindaeff, who commanded the assault on the redoubt, was wounded in the leg.

WAR IN BULGARIA.

The Russians Carry Lovatz by Assault.

London, September 4.—A Russian official dispatch, dated at Gorny Studen, at 7.35 this morning, says Lovatz was yesterday carried by assault by the Russian troops under General Moreilinsky and Skobeloff. No details are yet received.

Repulse of the Turks at Pelishat on Tuesday.

From the latest accounts which have been received here it seems that the Russians have fared better in the present engagements than has been supposed. The battle at Pelishat has resulted in the defeat of Osman Pasha, with a loss of 2,580 killed and wounded, while the Russians only lost 500.

Constantinople, via Syra, Sept. 2.—The Turks acknowledge the loss of 7,000 men in the Shipka pass. Two thousand wounded reached Adrianople yesterday.

Gorney Studen, Sept. 2.—The following official statement has been issued:

"The Russian loss on the 31st of August was—at Kadikol, 7 killed and 50 wounded; at Pelishat, 30 officers and 1,020 soldiers killed and wounded. The Turkish loss is enormous. Near the village of Pelishat alone 300 dead bodies were counted on the 31st ult.

PLEVNA RETAKEN.

The Turks in Full Retreat.

"Sistova, Sunday Night, September 9.—This morning an attack on all sides of Plevna was commenced and was continued throughout the day. By six o'clock in the evening the town of Plevna was in the hands of the Russians, and the Turks were in full retreat in great disorder. The losses are enormous, but details have not yet been received."

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

In last week's Reporter I noticed an article in reference to the District attorneyship, importing to be from Millheim Pa., dictating to the public who they have a business to select; but the public has been amply qualified, and I believe still is, to make their own selections, as to whom they will give their support, to be their servants, the bogus Millheim letter, the President and Additional Law Judges of this or any other Judicial District to the contrary notwithstanding; what the democracy want, is an honest, faithful man, one whose record is above reproach, and one that will give strength to the party, and one who has also been faithful with what has been entrusted to him, either by the public or private individuals, and any one who has failed in these cannot, and should not ask the support of the party here, whether he has sundry articles published, prevailed upon with difficulty, or has the solicitation of President and Additional Law Judges, they will avail him nothing, the public know who has been faithful to the trust, and will cast their votes for none who they know to be dishonest, and all such silly trash falls upon them like water upon a duck's back, as every tub must stand upon its own bottom, and the less of such articles published the better it is for the party and the public. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Sept. 10, 1877. MILLHEIM.

An investigation of the Philadelphia custom house shows that it is as rotten as that of New York, and that a change of officials is needed.

At a ball at Shartlersville, Berks county, the other night, a fight occured which continued for three hours. Thirty persons were more or less injured.

The Rev. Oliver L. Ashenfelter, late of the Reformed Church, Carlisle, has avowed himself a Universalist. He has been on trial before the classes of his district for heresy.

Mr. Packer, a Lock Haven lawyer, was attacked by a tramp in his office the other night and robed of his watch and some money. He pursued the thief all night, overtaking him near Williamsport and recovered the watch.

Heated milk, not boiled, drank every four hours in liberal quantity, is pronounced by eminent authority, as frequently an excelent remedy for the most violent diarrhœa, stomach ache, incipient cholery, and dysentery.

BE THOROUGH.—If you want to succeed in life, be thorough in your work whatever it is. It is sometimes convenient to be a Jack-of-all trades, but it is always profitable to be master of one. A workman who thoroughly understands his business is seldom in danger of coming to want. While the mass of the inefficient suffer, the few who do the best work, whether men or women, are always sought for.

"Do those bells sound an alarm of fire?" said a stranger the other Sunday, as the church bells were calling together the worshipers. "Yes," was the reply, "but the fire is in the next world."

A house should be so placed that the direct rays of the sun shall have free admission into the living apartments; because the sun's rays impart a healthy and invigorating quality to the air, and stimulate the vitality of human beings as they do those of plants; and, without sunlight, human beings, as well as plants, would sicken and die. The aspect, therefore, should be Southeast.

AGUE.—If you are made miserable with chills and fever, dissolve 15 grains of citric acid in a cup of hot coffee, and drink it just before the chill attacks you. It has been known to cure the worst cases of this disease.

There is a lady in Eureka, California, who, a dozen years ago, was married in a two thousand dollar dress. Now she takes in washing to support a drunken husband and three pairs of twins.

The Indian famine has already cost the Government of India forty millions of dollars, and is now costing two and a half millions of dollars a month

The cost of dying in North Carolina is summed up at a low figure: Three cantaloups and a half bushel of peaches, 20 cents; one visit from a doctor, $2; pine coffins $3. Total, $5 20.

—THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNOD of Central Pennsylvania will meet in the English Lutheran church at Lock Haven, on Wednesday, September 26, and continue in session 5 or 6 days. About 20 clerical and lay members are expected.

A citizen of Dare county, N. C., told us a day or two since that one day last fall he made a haul with his seine in the ocean, and caught 102 sharks. The seine was only 280 yards long, and he says that twice as many sharks got away as he landed.—Clinton Times.

On Monday was election day in Maine.

WILSON & M'FARLANE.

NEW AND CHEAP

HARDWARE STORE.

P. B. WILSON. ROB'T M'FARLANE.
BELLEFONTE, PA.

We have opened a new and complete stock bought in New York and Philadelphia, from the manufacturers from first hands at extremely low prices, which we will sell at the lowest bottom prices, which we will give the people the advantage of. We say and will satisfy that we are the Cheapest Hardware Store in the country. We have a complete stock of Ranges, Heaters, Parlor and Cook Stoves. Each Stove guaranteed to give satisfaction in every respect.

Bar-iron, Nails, Horse-shoes, Norway Nail Rods, warranted of the best quality, We claim we have the best Pure Lead, Oils, Colors, Varnishes, ever offered and the cheapest. Our Stock of Coach and Wagon Materials are of a very superior quality, and cheap. We will sell Saddlery goods as low as they can buy them in Phila. We will keep all kinds of Farmers Implements, Cultivators, Shovels, Plows, Pumps, Picture Frames, Moulding, Mirrors, Toilet Setts,

Children's buggies, Wagons of all sizes, Oil Cloths, Tubs, Buckets, and Churns,

We have in connection a Tin Shop, Mr. Smith, foreman, in which we manufacture all kinds of Tinware.

Spouting made and put up of the best quality of tin at the lowest prices.

Call and see us and we will substantiate what we advertise, as we shall take pleasure in showing our stock.

Rooms No. 7 and 8, Humes Block, 6 doors north of Post Office, Bellefonte.

WILSON & McFARLANE,

12jul.tf

-GRAIN ELEVATOR-

SHORTLIDGE & CO,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Have erected a new GRAIN ELEVATOR on their Coal Yard and are buying grain

AT THE HIGHESTPRICES,

in cash on delivery, for

WHEAT,
CORN,
RYE,
OATS,
CLOVER SEED &C.,

Unloading is done more easily and more promptly than any other place in town which makes the NEW ELEVATOR the most desirable place to sell grain.

ANTHRACITE COAL.

The only dealers in Centre County who sell the

WILKESBARRE COAL

from the old Baltimore mines. Also

SHAMOKIN AND OTHER GRADES

of Anthracite Coal dryly housed expressly for house use, at the lowest prices

RIFLE and BLASTING POWDER.

FIRE BRICK AND GROUND FIRE CLAY.

DEALERS IN

CAYUGA GROUND PLASTER,

which is always sold at low prices, and warranted to be as good a fertilizer as an other plaster.

OFFICE AND YARD

NEAR SOUTH END B. E. VALLEY R. R. DEPOT

BELLEFONTE, PA.

S. & A. Loeb.

THE TIMES ADMONISH YOU,
THE TIMES ADMONISH YOU

TO SAVE MONEY WHEN YOU CAN,
TO SAVE MONEY WHEN YOU CAN,

We are selling—CARPETS AT 20 CTS
We are selling—CARPETS AT 20 CTS.
We are selling—CARPETS AT 20 CTS.

We are selling—CARPETS AT 25 CTS.
We are selling—CARPETS AT 25 CTS.
We are selling—CARPETS AT 25 CTS.

We are selling—ING'N CARP'TS at 30c.
We are selling—ING'N CARP'TS at 30c.
We are selling—ING'N CARP'TS at 30c.

We are selling—INGRAINS AT 35 cents.
We are selling—INGRAINS AT 35 cents.
We are selling—INGRAINS AT 35 cents.

We are selling—Damask hall & stair carts
We are selling—Damask hall & stair carts
We are selling—Damask hall & stair carts

We are selling—Tapestry Brussels at $1,00
We are selling—Tapestry Brussels at $1,00
We are selling—Tapestry Brussels at $1,00

We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $2.50
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $2.50
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $2,50

We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $3.00.
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $3.00.
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $3.00.

We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1.00
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1.00
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1.00

We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1.50
We are selling—Ladies tr

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY SEPT. 13, 1877.

TERMS.—$2 per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 10cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 836, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sect. H. P. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 537, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HEELACHER, Sect. J. A. FLEMING, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 96, P of H., meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 2 P. M and every two weeks after. Leonard Rhone Master.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—STORE ROOM FOR RENT.—The undersigned offers the store-room, known as Herlacher's old stand, at Centre Hall, for rent. The stand is a desirable one in all respects Possession can be had any time after April 1st, by applying to J HENRY KELLER at Centre Hall. tf

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION, TUESDAY 18 SEPTEMBER.

DEMOCRATIC DELEGATE ELECTIONS, SATURDAY 15 SEPTEMBER

—"Shoot the dogs," says the Tyrone Herald. Commit suicide Mr. Herald, and there will be one purp less.

—Mr. Snook, merchant, is about to erect a new frame dwelling on Water st., Millheim.

—R. H. Duncan contemplates the erection of a ware-house at Spring Mills.

—John Johnston, of Potter's Mills, raised 20 bushels of potatoes from a piece of ground 32x88 feet. Who can do better?

—Fine tombstones, couches, and monuments at Heisler's Bellefonte Marble Works, and at lowest possible prices.

—Mt. Washington, in New Hampshire, had a heavy storm on 3 inst.

—Mr. D. Hess is building a new store-house at Linden Hall. Dan must think the RR. will be completed to that point before next centennial else he would not go on thus.

—Persons in want of first class bread, can always get it at Cedars' opposite Hofer's store.

—Pure drugs and medicines, always fresh, at F. P. Green's drug store, in the Bush house block.

—Newman, of the Eagle Clothing Store, Bellefonte, has been to Philadelphia, and is just receiving a large lot of ready made clothing, for men and boys, which will be sold cheap. Suits can be had lower than elsewhere this side of Philadelphia.

—Do you want dried or canned fruit, and save trouble of drying and canning, and have it cheaper besides, then go to Sechler's grocery. there's where you get it.

—John K. Charles, formerly of Hartleton, but now residing at Houtzdale, Pa., recently fell from a load of hay, and had his back broken.

—Mr. Ammon, of the Gr. Western hotel, who broke his neck by falling out of the 2nd story window, which we mentioned in last week's Reporter, had his life insured for $8,000.

—In a Nursery wherein all is life and laugh instead of crying and fretting, there is sure to be found Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents per bottle.

—A horse, saddle and bridle were stolen from Mr. Elias Miller, at Madisonburg, one night, last week.

—Mr. D. Mitterling, of the Loop, has gone to Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio.

—As business begins to centre at Spring Mills, so all seem to find Hassenplug's the head centre for all kinds of store goods at least prices.

—The Lewisburg M. E. S. S. excursion to Spring Mills, netted $275, which will be applied to the purchase of a library.

—At Lebanon, Pa., a few days ago, were to be seen a great grandfather, his daughter, her son, and that son's son at work together in the harvest field. The oldest was 90 years of age and the youngest 19.

—List of letters remaining in Centre Hall Post Office, Sept. 1st:

Mr. Kline Musser, 1; Peter McLaughlin, 2.

Persons calling for above letters will please say advertised. J. A. REESMAN.

—Another knock down in prices at Newman's—now is the time to go for 'em—Clothing—if you want 'em cheap. Pitch in.

—Centre county Fair, Oct. 4, 5, 6, & 7. The managers of the Agricultural Society are leaving nothing in reason undone to make the Fair of Oct. 3, 4, and 5 the best that has yet been held on their grounds. Now, let every farmer, mechanic, laborer, merchant—yes, and lawyer and doctor—contribute toward it. If you have nothing else to exhibit, show your pleasant faces, although there is no material award offered for this kind of produce.

—Farming must have greatly improved on some spots at Earlystown since Esq. Smith, squatted down there, for he raises some giant corn. He sent several stalks to the Reporter office which measure 13½ feet.

—Of the peach market, the New York Tribune of 5 inst. says:

The receipts of peaches in this city yesterday were 25,300 baskets. There were shipped direct to the East twenty car-loads or 11,000 baskets. The total receipts for the season have been 1,013,900 baskets. Plain Delawares were quoted at from 80 to 90 cents per basket; prime to extra, from $1 to $1 25; fancy yellow, $1 50; crates from $1 to $2. New Jersey sent two car-loads of fine quality. Monmouth County "Stumps" sold in s-line of 300 baskets at from $1 75 to $2; good to prime Morris County from 60 cents to $1 25. Choice table fruit will rule high from this time forward. Small sized peaches and ends of Delaware orchards, good for family Winter use, will not advance much above present rates.

In Centre county peaches sold from $1 to $1 20 per basket.

—Best groceries, and any thing you want, at Sechler's. Best satisfaction rendered always. Highest price paid in goods for country produce. Give them a call, farmers of Pennsvalley if you would save money.

—The 2nd Quarterly Conference of the Evangelical church, will be held at Centre Hall, 15th and 16th of September. Conference meets at 2 o'clock on Saturday 15, services in the evening of same day. Communion on Sabbath morning, following, and services in the evening.

—Drugs, medicines, chemicals, perfumery, soaps, combs, brushes, trusses, supporters, braces, fancy and toilet articles &c., at Frank P. Green's, in the Bush house block.

—PIC-NIC.—The Patrons of Husbandry will hold their 4th annual Pic-nic on Thursday, Sept. 13, on top of Nittany Mountain, ½ mile north of Centre Hall. Prominent speakers will be in attendance to address the audience. Several cornet bands will be in attendance to furnish music The public generally are invited and urged to come. By order of Com.

—We print envelopes as low as $1 per thousand. Send us your envelopes. We print letter heads, and statements as low as $1,25 per 1000, when persons find the paper. This is lower than you can get it done for in the city.

—FOR SALE.—a new Golden Tongue Organ, warranted. Will be sold very low. Inquire at this office. tf.

—Weather cloudy and cool enough for fire.

—Rain on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, last week; the first real soaking rain we have had since last spring. The other rains having all been short and heavy, and running over the surface.

—Frank Leslie the noted newspaper publisher in New York, has failed. If our subscribers don't pay up we will fail too—fail to get the stamps we are in need of.

—Wm. Cameron, of Lewisburg, died on last Monday morning. He was about 82 years of age.

—Since Spigelmyer has leased the Stone Mill, the obliging miller, D. M. Cowher, makes better flour and a bigger turn out than any miller in the valley and guarantees every pound better than the best.

Look out for cheap sugar—after the preserving is all done! Sugar speculators in New York have 350,000,000 pounds of that useful commodity on their hands, having over-estimated the demand this year, and will likely be compelled to sell at a heavy loss. It does one good to hear once in a while of those speculators being "stuck," who make a business of bulling up the prices of coffee, sugar, and other necessaries of life, by which means they often make millions of dollars a day off the sweat of the laboring men of the country.

—The best place in central Penna. to get Monuments, Couches and Headstones for your departed friends, is Deininger & Musser's Millheim Marble Works. They are not a whit behind the times either in superior workmanship or low prices. Try them and you will be convinced. Sept. 6 3t.

WAGON FOR SALE.—A large road wagon, good as new, and which can readily be cut down to a plantation wagon, is offered for sale cheap, by JOHN WOLF, Centre Mills, Pa. 3t

A good horse will be taken in exchange for the wagon.

—Union county Fair, Oct. 3, 4 and 5.

ANOTHER OLD QUARTER.

MR. KURTZ: Last week's issue states that F. O. Hosterman has an old silver quarter of 1772. Mrs. Sophia Hosterman of Potter township, has in her possession an old silver quarter of 1720, and one of 1724, and they gingle like in those democratic Jackson and Buchanan days when they were plenty. May the Dem. nominees be elected this fall by a majority as large as the age of these quarters.

ALPHA.

REBERSBURG & VICINITY.

Croqueting is the order of the day among our sports this fall. In former times you could see them pitch quoits all hours of the day, but now that dirty game for amusement is as a dream that was dreamt last night. If you wish instructions, call at the Squire's ground, &c.

The other day our village justice came very near losing his life on account of a piece of board six inches square starting from the Lutheran church steeple scaffold and hitting him within 10 or 12 feet. Boys you must look out as to the direction you start your spare timber.

Our busy farmers are all done seeding around here. They work on the principle that the early bird catches the worm, but they should not forget that the early worm was caught by the bird.

Both churches can now boast of being stepled. As to their height, neither has more than a foot or so to brag as to the highest from the ground; they both are an honor to the builders and our community in general.

And at last our camp is over. May the scene long be remembered on account of various contrasts called to action. On Thursday no less than 12 tents were pitched in a beautiful grove near Centre Mills and the word of God was commenced to be preached in power and purity. Scarcely had the meeting begun until the hucksters commenced to gather in, and the road was filled in a short time with same number of shanties. While gospel good was issued at one place, the hucksters were taking "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, at the other. Joe. C. Parly, the owner of the woods came very near getting his head split with a hatchet. He wanted to clear the road, but to no purpose: the hucksters held the ground by force. We favor camp, but not plowing the Lord's field with the devil's team.

HRW MOR.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

This is to notify the public that I have leased, for a number of years, the celebrated Stone Mill from S. P. Ruble. I have also retained D. M. Cowher as miller. We manufacture the best flour and a full turn out. Our past, we trust will be sufficient guarantee to our patrons of fair and honest dealings. We have and will maintain our reputation. Give us a trial and we will prove that it is to your interest to patronize us. Flour at wholesale and retail. I have appointed Andrew Reesman, Centre Hall, agent for our celebrated flour. JEROME SPIGELMYER.

Also a full line of merchandise lower in price than ever. 13sept4t

ERUPTION OF COTOPAXI.

More Than a Thousand Lives Lost.

Quito, July 4.—The last eruption of the Volcano Cotopaxi, took place on the 26th of June last, with every circumstance that could increase its horror—utter darkness in broad day, thunder and lightning, fearful explosions that made the earth tremble, subterranean noises and wild gusts of wind, accompanied by a rain of ashes. The volcano poured out a cataract ten times the bulk of Niagara, which carried all before it in its headlong course, and submerged the whole surrounding country. The torrent divided itself in two opposite directions, as if to give greater scope to its devastation and to make the confusion still more dire. One branch took a southerly course towards the city of Latacunga, situated twelve miles from Cotopaxi. On its way the torrent converted the plain of Callao into an immense lake. Near Latacunga the furious current tore up from its very foundations the cotton factory of Don Jose Villagomez, whose value was estimated at $300,000; crops, cattle, buildings were swept away; the massive bridges of Cutuche and and Panzalvo were destroyed.

The branch that headed toward the south of Cotopaxi devastated the prosperous and enchanted valley of Chillo. There too, as in Latacunga, arose the building of a thriving factory, which, only the year before, had been destroyed by fire, and had just been repaired at great expense. The torrent rooted it from the ground, and bore it away in a thousand fragments. It is asserted that a mill of Don Manuel Palacios floated on the water like a ship at sea until shattered by the current. The loss in the valley of Chillo alone is estimated at over two millions of dollars, and the loss in other sections is equally great. It is likewise calculated that the the number of the dead exceeds one thousand. Although the surroundings of Quito have been laid waste, the city itself suffered from only a rain of ashes and a complete darkness, which began on the 26th of June, at three in the asternoon. At Machache and other places the night lasted for thirty consecutive hours. In the midst of this opaque gloom one could hear the bellowing of the cattle and the cries of other animals, which, deprived of their usual food by the shower of ashes, sought, in a species of frenzy, for the means of satisfying their hunger.

1,500 regular Mexican troops are about to embark from Vera Cruz to the mouth of the Rio Grande for service on the Rio Grande frontier.

The object of the expedition is to place a reliable military force on the line of the Rio Grande, the local authorities being so independent of the federal control and bitterly hostile to the Americans that they cannot be used by President Diaz and his subaltorns to enforce the terms of the extradition treaty between the United States and Mexico.

THE DEAD THIERS.

The Universal Gloom in France Caused By His Death.

London, September 4.—A correspondent telegraphs that it would be impossible to convey an idea of the grief and consternation which prevails at the death of Theirs. This morning the news spread like wild-fire, and even at an early hour, although the weather was very inclement, the streets of Paris filled with people in great excitement. Some were actually shedding tears, and all were giving vent to feelings of grief and apprehension, the death of Thiers just now being regarded by all as a national calamity. M. Thiers had been staying the last few weeks at Pavilion Henri Quatre St. Germain en Laye, and had caught a slight cold, but nothing led to the anticipation of this sudden termination of his eventful career. The attack was what is called in France apoplexie foudroyante. He was apparently in good health in the morning and took his usual walk. After luncheon he felt symptoms of illness which speedily developed into an apoplectic fit He remained unconscious and died at 6 o'clock, apparently without pain.

Political Effect of M. Thiers's Death.

No event short of a coup 'd etat, or communist rising could have created so profound an impression throughout France. Its effect on the political crisis cannot yet be properly weighed. Gambetta is now without a rival in the Republican party, but his advanced views are so alarming to the Left Centre that the Republican party, as a whole, will probably seek to counteract the evil effects of Thiers's removal by putting forward Grevy, ex President of the Chamber of Deputies, as a candidate for the succession to the Presidency in the event of President MacMahon's retirement.

A correspondent says the death has made a deep impression in political circles. The Conservatives think it assures them success at the elections. Great consternation prevails in the Republican camp.

DEATH OF THIERS.

The Venerable Republican Leader Expires in His Eightieth Year and with Great Honors Before Him.

London, September 4—5 A. M.—Reuter's telegram company has just received the following dispatch from Paris: All the Journals announce that ex-President Thiers died quite suddenly at six o'clock yesterday evening at St Germain.

Louis Adolphe Thiers was born in Marseilles, April 16, 1797, and was educated at the Lyceum of that city and the law school of Aix, where he practiced at the bar from 1818 to 1821. He then removed to Paris and began his career as a journalist by writing for the Constitutionnel and other journals. His ability soon won him powerful friends and he became the favorite of Lafitte and Talleyrand. Between 1823-7 he produced his celebrated history of the French revolution, in ten volumes. In January, 1830, with Mignuet and Carrel, he started the National, which promoted the change of dynasty effected the following July. When Louis Phillippe ascended the throne M. Thiers became an official of the treasury and was elected to the chamber of deputies. He was offered the ministry of finance, but declined in favor of Lafitte, although he really administered the office. He retired March 31, 1831, but in October of the following year took the post of minister of the interior under the Soult cabinet. It was while in this office that he procured the arrest of the Duchess du Berri, an act he deemed necessary for the pacification of the Vendee at a time when all the military resources of the nation were needed for the relief of Antwerp in the interest of Belgian independence. As a consequence he quitted office, but soon took the portfolio of commerce, where he distinguished himself by securing large appropriations for public works. Early in 1834 he returned to the interior department, and rendered himself famous by suppressing the bloody insurrections in Paris and Lyons. After quarrels with Soult and Mole, he finally retained his office under the Duke de Broglie, and in December (1834) took his seat in the French academy. The attempt of Fieschi upon the king's life in July, 1835, caused him to support the retrictive press and jury laws known as the laws of September. After once resigning, in February, 1835, he became premier and minister of foreign affairs, but in August following he again retired because of the king's intervention in Spain. He was offered, but refused, the mission to Russia. March, 1840, he was reinstated as premier, but his policy for the armament of France and the fortification of Paris being resisted he was succeeded October 29 by Guizot. He now began his great work in twenty volumes, "The History of the Consulate and Empire," upon which he was engaged from 1845 to 1862. At the same time, as the recognized leader of the opposition, he advocated enlightened measures of education and progress and opposed political corruption and ultramontane schemes. Shortly before the revolution of 1848 he made a series of bitter attacks on Louis Phillippe, advocating political reforms, but not a republic; yet when the republic became a fact he accepted it and was elected to the constituent assembly. He supported Louis Napoleon for the presidency, and fought a duel with Bixie, who had asserted that he deprecated Napoleon's election. In the assembly he was one of the most active leaders in the reactionary movement, but in January, 1851, alarmed at the removal of Changarnier, he raised a voice of warning against a second Napoleonic empire. He was arrested on the coup d'etat of December 2, imprisoned until January 9, and banished until August 7, 1852. He kept aloof from politics until 1863, when he was returned to the corps legistatif by the Paris liberals, despite the opposition of the government. In the assembly he denounced the extravagance of the empire and opposed its war with Mexico. In 1866 and 1867 he exposed the blunder of the emperor in permitting the aggrandizement of Prussia to the detriment of France. In 1870 he opposed the declaration of war against Prussia, maintaining that the government being unprepared was rushing to certain defeat. He urged the rigorous defense of Paris and visited the several courts to secure their influence in favor of an armistice, his efforts increasing his popularity and adding to his high renown for statesmanship. February 6, 1871, he was elected to the assembly from twenty-six provinces and nine days later the assembly made him chief executive of the nation. He negotiated the peace, crushed the commune and initiated the measures for paying off the national debt and the indemnity. August 31, 1871, his term of office was increased for three years, but the defeat of the tariff bill (he was always a protectionist) and the opposition in the assembly caused his resignation, May 24, 1873. He was succeeded by MacMahon and the septenante.]

A BIT OF DOMESTIC HISTORY.

[From the Galveston News.]

In the east end of this city there lives a very ancient darkey, whose idea of utility spurns nothing as being too mean to use, and whose constitutional generosity is quickened by the high religious predilections that form a leading feature in his character. This old man while wending his way homeward one evening last week saw a piece of meat lying near the sidewalk, which his kind heart suggested had been dropped there by an all-wise Provider for the benefit of his faithful cur, which answered to the name of "Bulger." The meat was picked up and placed very carefully in the old man's bag, and as he walked on he thought over and over again of the joy Bulger would experience in devouring the feast he had found for him. When he had reached his home he seated himself on his steps and whistled for Bulger, who came wagging his tail and manifesting other symptoms of pleasure at seeing his ancient friend. Taking the meat from the bag, the old man said: "De ole man fotch yer a bone, yer nasty, lazy thing, and here it is—rale good meat; take it and eat it, and recollect dat your master fotch it for yer." The meat was thrown to Bulger, who went for it voraciously, and as he lay down and took his supper between his paws, the old man chuckled with the pleasant idea that the dog was not only satisfied, but grateful for the small favor coferred. Having finished his meal Bulger got up and went back to his cozy nest under the house; but it was not long before he came out again. He whined and looked as pale as he could, and the old man told him the meat was all gone; but it did not seem to satisfy him. He soon began to show signs of unhappiness, and in about five minutes was howling and jumping with the worst kind of colic. His agonies were brief, and in a short time Bulger fell, rolled up his eyes and breathed his last. The old man looked upon his lifeless form, and said: "Dat's policeman's meat, shore's yer born, and just to think, dat I was about to cheat dat dog out of it, and cook it for my supper. Well, de Lord am still on de side of righteousness an' its better dat it's Bulger than me." Taking a last look at his dog, the old man said, in a solemn tone: "If dar had been any coons on dis island, I would hate to gib yer up old fellow; but being as there are no coons, good by." He wiped a tear drop from his eye and went into the house.

A HORRIBLE HOLOCAUST.

A Large Number of People Burned to Death.

New York September 3.—A fire broke out at 9.45 p. m. in J. P. Hale's piano factory, on West Thirty-fifth street, which was entirely destroyed. It is rumored that ten persons perished. The flames extended to the south side of the street, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues, destroyed E. M. Connelly's barrel factory, J. Graham & Co.'s silk factory and several houses adjoining. J. Walker's charcoal factory on the north side of Thirty-fifth street, was also burned. A block of frame houses on the west side of Tenth avenue, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets, is on fire and will doubtless be destroyed. A steam fire engine was burned the firemen being unable to get it out in consequence of the intense heat. A strong wind is blowing, but the firemen think they have the flames under control.

One of the workmen named Edward Packmaster jumped from an open window and was taken up in a terrible condition. His skull was fractured and many bones were broken, He was removed to the station house and died in a few minutes.

The factory was eight stories in height, and although it is said that means of escape were sufficient yet a number of lives have been lost—perhaps twenty. There were 165 men in these buildings at the time. The flames spread so rapidly that the employees who were above the drying room were cut off from the staircases. They ran to the roof and to the windows and some dropped to the ground.

The building was soon a mass of flames. The walls began falling. Some of the firemen say that at this time on Thirty-sixth street at least fourteen men were clinging to the windows of the upper stories and were buried in the falling debris. They could not be reached by ladder and the flames drove back the firemen. One man dropped before the walls fell and was picked up dead. Others were only injured and taken to Bellevue hospital A little girl named Annie Smith was suffocated and the wife and three other children of Louis Smith, the father, are missing.

A COUNTY TREASURER GAGGED AND $40,000 STOLEN.

Cincinnati, Sept. 6.—At Wapakoneta, Ohio, last night the county treasurer was seized and gagged and then taken to the court house, where after being subjected to a severe ordeal of fire, which was placed between his feet as he lay upon the floor, he was compelled to divulge the combination of the county safe, and some $40,000 was taken therefrom. Mr. Myers, the treasurer was found this morning in a helpless condition. His wrists, feet, mouth and face bear witness to much suffering. Mr. Myers was the outgoing treasurer, should have delivered up the office on the 1st of September, but owing to some delay in the settlement of accounts he was still in possession.

THE FUNERAL OF M. THIERS.

Paris, September 8.—Deputations from many provincial towns arrived here early this morning to witness the funeral of M. Thiers. Large numbers of people from the provinces, and many English visitors were also here with the same object. Notwithstanding the weather was rainy, a great crowd collected early outside his late residence in the Palace St. Georges and adjoining streets. The Madeleine, with its surroundings, was the only spot spacious enough for the thousands who wished to follow the procession. Notre Dame de Lorette has little space round it, and is small, without extended frontage.

Happily the procession moved from the church by the Rue Lepelletier along the inner boulevards to the Chateau d'Eau, and thence by the Boulevard Voltaire to Pere la Chaise—a route of about two leagues—and even this space would scarcely accommodate the multitude which was collected.

At half past nine o'clock the police cleared the Place St. George's and the streets adjoining the church. The cortege left the place at noon.

The open hearse, drawn by six horses, on which the coffin rested, was covered with palm branches, wreaths of immortelles, and tri-colored bows and rosettes. The whole route was lined by an immense number of people, notwithstanding the rain. The shops were all closed, and displayed on their shutters a placard bearing the words "National Mourning."

Mme. Thiers was accompanied by Mlle. Dosne at the service in the church. M. Gambetta was cheered as he left the church after the ceremony. The crowd everywhere respectfully uncovered as the coffin passed. Some shouts of "Viva la Republique" were raised at the top of the Boulevard Montmartre.

By evening the city had assumed its usual appearance. Everything passed off quietly and without political manifestation, even during the speeches in the cemetery. The speeches were remarkable for moderation. M. Grevy, ex president of the chamber of deputies, first recapitulated the deceased's political career, particularly dwelling upon the great and patriotic sacrifice he had made by renouncing his earlier monarchical convictions in favor of the republic. Admiral Pothuan and MM. Sacy and Vitry then variously eulogized his splendid administrative, literary and oratorical talents.

M. Jules Simon, who made the principal oration, said the first feeling after so great a loss was one of discouragement. But M. Thiers had taught them by the example of his life never to despair and never to draw back.

The Commissioners of Marion county, Ind., contracted for a new Court House, at Indianapolis to cost $25,000. It has cost $312,845, and is incomplete.

Ninety of the fat men who had a clam bake and dance at Norwalk Point, Connecticut, last week, weighed 20,730 pounds, an average of 230½ pounds each.

Duff's College.

The oldest and best appointed Institution for obtaining a Business Education. For circulars address,
P. DUFF & SONS,
13sept4t Pittsburgh, Pa.

HARDWARE & STOVES. HARDWARE & STOVES.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.

We have a very large and complete stock of Hardware, the largest that was ever before offered by any firm to the people of this county, and are selling at the very lowest possible rates

Iron, Steel and Nails, Locks, Glass and Putty,

Pure White Leads and Linseed Oil; Turpentines and Varnishes, all which we warrant to give satisfaction. Our Pure Lead will cover as much surface as any in the market and cannot be excelled for whiteness. READY MIXED PAINT put up in any quantity to suit people, from one-pound cans to one gallon cans, all ready for use. The paints we warrant to be mixed with pure lead and oil, and are free from all adulteration.

MECHANICS' TOOLS.—We pay special attention to this branch, and keep a full line of Saws, Chisels, Hammers and Bailey's Iron Planes; Horse nails of all kinds, Trace Chains, Hames, Etc. FULL LINE OF SADDLERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. COACH WOOD WORK.—Spokes, Fellows, Patent Wheels of the most improved patents; Mrs. Potts' Improved Flat Irons, cheap, convenient and durable—polished and nickel-plated. Johnston's Prepared Kalsomine; put up in 6-pound packages; easily put on, and cheaper than paper. We have all colors.

STOVES.

We have the only Reversible, Top-plate Cooking Stoves in the market. The Keystone, Susquehanna and Juniata, which we warrant to be the best bakers and the best stoves in the market, we will sell at the very lowest price and give written guarantees. Also all kinds of Ranges and other stoves. COME AND SEE OUR KEYSTONE COOK STOVE; IT IS THE HANDSOMEST IN THE WORLD.

Owing to a great deal of sickness at present, of which lose bowels seem to be chief, the following may prove valuable: "It is said that dysentery in its worst form can be cured, after all other remedies have failed, by drinking wheat flour stirred in water, in quantity of about a half tumbler of water made to the consistency of cream with the flour. It may be advisable to add a pinch of salt, or the flour may be eaten in its dry state. The same effect may be produced in cases of chronic diarrhœa."

Announcement.

We are authorized to announce the name of David F. Fortney, of Bellefonte, for the office of District Attorney, subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce J. M. Keichline, Esq., of Bellefonte, as a candidate for District Attorney. Subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.

MARRIED.

For the Reporter.

On the 11th inst., at the house of the brides father, by Rev. W. H. Groh, Mr. Micheal F. Rossman to Miss Annie R. Wagner, both of Potter township.

Gone: yes gone "like a fleeting dream" and to finish the quotation "left not a trace behind." One by one our ranks are devastated by cupid's fatal arrows. The wounded fall and flutter but again resume their place in our ranks with even more resolution than before, to lead a bachelor's merry life the rest of their days, but now and then comes a dart more fatal then the rest, from one of venus' unseen skirmishers and one of our companions, yes, even he whom all thought less susceptible then the rest, falls and before we are aware of the fact, he is safe in vincula matrimonie. But Mike, you have done well, and as our loss is your eternal gain, we can all the more heartily congratulate you on the step you have taken, call the roll, boys, and see how many are left and when the next one summons courage to step out, lets send him off with a cheer. Good bye Mike but don't ever do the like again.

A FRIEND.

(The Reporter was remembered by a little pile of wedding cake, for which the happy couple have our thanks and best wishes.)

DIED.

On 22d ult., at Rebersburg, Lawrence Fem, infant son of H. Brungard.

On the 31st ult., in Gregg twp., Adam, son of Michael and Hannah Grenoble, aged 8 years, 6 months and 21 days.

MARKETS.

PRODUCE MARKETS.

Phila., Sept. 8.—Flour steady; superfine $4; extras $5; Penna family $6 75@7 25; Minn do, $6 50@7 75; patent and high grades $8@9 50. Rye flour. $4 Wheat firm; amber, $1 00@1 50; No 1 red 1 41@1 43; No 2 do. 1 38@1 41. Corn steady; yellow 60@61c; mixed 58@59c. Oats steady; Penna white 33@37c western do 33@35c; western mixed 31@33c. Smoked hams 13@14c; pickled do. 10@11½; green do. 8@8½; smoked shoulders, 7c; shoulders in salt, 5½@6. Butter firm; creamery 25@28c; New York and Bradford county extras, 23@25c; western reserve 18@20c. Eggs active; Penna @16; western, 18@20c. Cheese firm; New York fancy, 12@12½; western do, 11@11½. Petroleum, unsettled, refined 12@14c.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, September 8.—Wheat dull and weak; No 2, spring $1 12 for cash; 1 05½ for September; No. 3 do $1 05; rejected 92c. Corn 45c for September; 44¼ for Oct. Oats in fair demand; 23½ for cash; 23¾ for October. Rye, 55c. Barley steady at 68.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.—by Shortlidge & Co.

Flour per barrel, wholesale, $7 00.
" retail, $8 00.
White wheat, 1 20.
Red " 1 20.
Rye, 60.
Corn, shelled, 60
Corn, cob, 60.
Oats, 30.
Barley, rye weight, 56.
Cloverseed $5 per 64 pounds.
Potatoes retail, 30
Nova Scotia plaster, ground, 10 00.
Cayuga " $9 00.

Carpet Weaving.

The undersigned having taken the room on 2nd story of Wolf's warehouse, at Centre Hall, are now prepared to fill all orders for any kind of Carpet Weaving. Country Carpets, of wool or cotton, a specialty and made to order. Custom work solicited and satisfaction guaranteed. All orders promptly attended to, and charges low as elsewhere.
6sept y C. M. GRAHAM & BRO.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—Will be offered on the premises on Saturday, September 22nd, at 2 o'clock, p. m., at public outcry, at Centre Hill, the property owned and formerly occupied by George Stover, containing about ¼ of an Acre, with good House and Stable thereon erected, well at the door, and fine fruit—the lot being in the best of order. Terms will be made known on the day of sale. Any person desiring any information about the property can inquire of Robert Lee or the subscriber
JOHN SHANNON,
30aug3t Attorney.

GET GOOD BREAD,
By calling at the new and extensive bakery establishment of
JOSEPH CEDARS,
(Successor to J. H. Sands,)
Opposite the Iron Front on Allegheny street where he furnishes every day
Fresh Bread,
Cakes of all kinds,
Pies, etc., etc.,
Candies,
Spices,
Nuts, Fruits,
Anything and everything belonging to the business. Having had years of experience in the business, he flatters himself that he can guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.
30 aug tf JOSEPH CEDARS.

What Sample Tea is.

Every Cargo of Tea, on arriving in this country, is Sampled by the Importer to the extent of from 1,000 to 5,000 pounds, which teas, being out of the original packages, become useless to the Importer after the Cargo is sold. We contract for these Teas at cost of Importation, (including "Sample Packages,") which are then thoroughly classified and packed by our New York House OUR TEAS AT 40c and 50c A POUND.

Equal in every respect those retailed elsewhere for double the Money.

At a saving of three profits to the Consumer

THOMAS CHUTE & CO.
No. 131 Water st., New York.

We guarantee Every package.
9aug tf

For Sale by Jas. Welch, Sole Agent for Centre Co. Jas. Welch, Bellefonte, Pa.

SPRING, - - - - - - - 1877.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED.

FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

WE HAVE THE GOODS!

PRICES LOW!

Selection Unsurpassed! Stock Large.

And now we extend a cordial invitation to our friends, patrons and the public generally. We will say this, Come! if we do not show you

THE BEST SELECTED STOCK

AT PRICES LOWER THAN USUAL,

and if we cannot prove that it is to your interest to patronize us, then don't buy; but come and satisfy yourself.

We have opened a full line of

DRY GOODS

Clothing, Carpets,
Boots & Shoes, Groceries,
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, HATS AND CAPS,

and in fact everything and anything embraced in the above line.

We will beat everything in prices and assortment, and our past, we trust, will be a sufficient guarantee to our patrons of fair and honest treatment. We have established and will maintain our reputation. The large trade we do enables us to get fresh goods daily, which is a great advantage to our patrons in all lines, and more especially in Groceries. Call, and it will prove to your interest.

VALENTINES & CO.

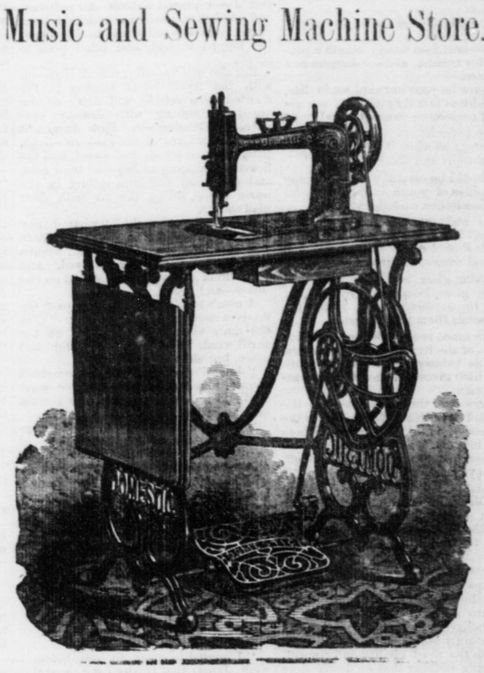
H. HERMAN, Manager.

NEW OPENING!

(NEXT DOOR TO NEWMAN'S EAGLE CLOTHING STORE)

BUNNEL AND AIKENS,

Music and Sewing Machine Store.



CALL at the New Store and see the largest stock & variety of Pianos, Organs and Sewing machines in this part of the state.

THE NEW DOMESTIC—Still ahead.
" ST. JOHN—Latest out.
" DAVIS—With vertical feed.
" NEW AMERICAN—For $30.
" SINGER—$30.
" HOWE—$30.
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These are flush times for the building trade at Jerusalem. A correspondent of The London Times says that new blocks meet the eye everywhere; along the Jaffa road and on both the north and west sides of the city, extensive buildings are now in course of erection; and even within the walls, near to the reputed tomb of David, another large group of tenements is being built. These new buildings are designed as houses for Jews of different nations, and are erected by societies to be let or sold in tenements of two rooms each. The poor are to be provided with homes for a given time rent free, and those who are able to be permitted to purchase their habitations by periodical payments on principle similar to those of English building societies. Until a recent date the Jews in Jerusalem have their quarter, as in many Continental cities; but they have now the utmost freedom to purchase property wherever they can get it, to build where they can obtain sites, within or outside the city walls, and to locate themselves wherever they can find residences. This freedom is causing a great increase to the Jewish population of the humbler classes.

Professor Hall, the discoverer of the two new satellites of Mars, was once a carpenter.

Somebody raises the supposition that Osman Pasha is Marshal Bazaine, the French fugitive.

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UND

FIRST THINGS.

A Very Interesting Chapter on Early Inventions.

The first almanac was printed by Geo. Von Purbach, in 1460.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.

The first watches was made at Nuremburg in 1477.

Omnibuses were introduced in New York in 1830.

The first college in the United States was founded in 1866.

The first compass was used in France in 1150, though the Chinese are said to have employed the loadstone earlier.

The first chimneys were introduced into Rome from Padua in 1368.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.

The first air pump was made in 1650.

The first algebra originated with Diophantus, in either the fourth or sixth century.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1783.

The first national bank in the United States was incorporated by Congress, Dec. 31, 1781.

The first attempt to manufacture pins in this country, was made soon after the war of 1812.

The first printing press in the United States was introduced in 1629.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

Gas was first used as an illuminating agent in 1702. Its first use in New York was in 1827.

The first glass factory in the United States of which we have definite knowledge was built in 1780.

Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7.

The first daily newspaper appeared in 1702. The first newspaper in the United States was published in Boston, September 25, 1690. The first religious newspaper the Boston *Record*, was established in 1815.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

The first Union flag was unfuried on the first of January, 1776, over the camp at Cambridge. It had thirteen stripes of white and red, and retained the English cross in one corner.

The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.

The first sawmaker's anvil was brought to America in 1819.

The first temperance society in this country was organized in Saratoga county, N. Y., in March, 1808.

Glass was early discovered. Glass beads were found on mummies over 3,000 years old.

Glass window were first introduced into England in the eighth cenntry.

Anesthesia was first discovered in 1844.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

The first machine for carding, roving and spinning cotton, made in the United States, was manufactured in 1786.

Organs are said to have been first introduced into churches by Pope Vitalianus, about A. D. 1670.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

The first complete sewing machine was patened by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

Ships were first "copper-bottomed" in 1783.

The first telegraph instrument was successfully operated by S. F. B. Morse, the inventor, in 1835, though its utility was not demonstrated to the world until 1844.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

The first society for the exclusive purpose of circulating the Bible, was organized in 1805, under the name of "British and Foreign Bible Society."

The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.

The first society for the promotion of Christian knowledge, was organized in 1698.

The first telescope was probably used in I ngland in 1608.

How Liquors are Made.

At the recent meeting of the American Temperance Union in Cooper Institute, New York, Mr. Eli Johnson said: "Two years ago a prominent wine importer died in this city. Among his books no record of a single invoice of wine was found, but in his cellar machinery for making it was discovered. There are beer factories which can ma.e beer in fifteen minutes, without a particle of hops or malt. I had heard that drummers of liquors no longer carried around samples of liquors. They took a box of drugs instead, from which to manufacture their wares. For a long time I tried to obtain a similar box, but failed to do so. Finally a young physician committed suicide, induced by use of poisonous liquor. Among his effects was found one of these sample cases. Here it is." The lecturer showed a black tin box, in which were several bottles containing colored liquids. He continued: "In this box were essential oils for making eight kinds of brandy, six of whisky, four of gin and two of wine. Each of these bottles is guaranteed to make twenty gallons of liquor. There is a house in this city that manufactures these articles. This bottle of oil made by them contains material for twenty gallons of French brandy. They also issue a book of directions," which he showed, "which specifies one hundred different oils for manufacturing drinks. All are made of different parts of alcohol, water, sugar, tartaric acid and other deleterious ingredients, together with the essential oil. The oil is the only change made in any of them. This bottle is guaranteed to make twenty gallons of port wine. It is what physicians order for sick people."

The Sewing Machine.

An English paper says: The sewing machine first appeared as a practical invention about thirty years ago. Thimonnier, the real originator of the idea, was a Frenchman, and like too many great inventors, he did not live to enjoy any part of the fruits of his genius. Elias Howe, who followed Thimonnier, was an American working artisan, and found his first real support in England about 1847. At the present time, that is about thirty years after the establishment of the invention, there are upward of four millions of sewing machines in use in various parts of the world; and the annual number of new machines produced in England is estimated at 80,000, employing about 100,000 persons. In France, Germany and Belgium, the production of machines is very large, and in the United States the annual outturn of machines is perhaps larger than in the whole of Europe. In 1862 it was estimated that in the United States each machine saved to its owner fifty shillings a week, or say £130 (about $650) per annum, in wages alone; or an aggregate saving in wages, for the whole country, of about $150,000,000. In 1875, that aggregate saving had risen to $500,000,000.

An Incident in an English Post-Office.

A tall, gray-haired gentlenan, so runs the story, lately went into one of the branch post-offices in a western region. He asked some question relative to the registering of a letter of one of the girls in attendance, and was answered in a manner which he considered exceedingly sharp and rude. He repeated the question, however, not being quite sure that he was not mistaken in his supposition, and he repeated it very mildly. She answered him more rudely than before. He then made some remonstrance, and asked her if she thought that was a proper way to answer an inquiry in a public office. She said she thought that she had been quite civil enough for him. He asked her, with an ominously increasing mildness of manner, if she would favor him with her name. She emphatically declined to do so. He then said he thought he would tell her his name, which, however, she declined to hear, saying that his name was no concern of hers. He calmly replied that he thought it was, for his name was John Manners, and he was the postmaster-general. Curtain.—*London Examiner.*

WONDERFUL WATCHES.

Curious Pieces of Mechanism—Relics of the Olden Time.

A watch about the size of an egg, said to be made by a Russian peasant, is now exhibited in St. Petersburg. Within it is represented the tomb of Christ, with a stone at the entrance and the sentinels on duty. While a spectator is admiring this curious piece of mechanism the stone is suddenly removed, the sentinels drop, the angels appear, the women enter the sepulchre and the same chant is heard which is performed in the Greek church at eve. A watch somewhat larger, still small enough for a capacious pocket, was shown at the meeting of the society of antiquaries a few years since; it had an alarm, and showed whether the hour was morning or afternoon in allegorical figures representing morning, noon, evening and night, which presented themselves to view at proper times. Other figures told the day of the week and month, the name of the months, the phases of the moon, etc.; but the figures of this machine were not dolls, but were engraved on revolving discs. A watch at present in the Swiss museum is small enough to be inserted in the top of a pencil case. Yet its tiny dial not only indicates hours, minutes and seconds, but also days of the month. It is a relic of the times when watches were asserted in snuff-boxes, shirt studs, ear-rings, breast-pins, and even finger-rings. George III. carried one of these little time-keepers, which was set in a ring like a jewel; it contained one hundred and twenty different parts, and just about as many grains, so that the parts averaged one grain each, the balance wheel and pinion weighing the seventeenth part of a grain. The king was so well pleased with the wonder that he rewarded the skillful donor with five hundred guineas. Mary Queen of Scots had a watch made in the shape of a death's head. The forehead of the skull bears the symbols of death, the scythe and the hour-glass placed between a palace and a cottage, to show the impartiality of the grim destroyer; at the back of the skull is Time destroying all things, and at the top of the head are scenes of the garden of Eden and the crucifixion. The watch is opened by reversing the skull, placing the upper part of it in the hollow of the hand and lifting the jaw by a hinge; this part being enriched by engraved representations of the Holy Family, angels, and shepherds with their flocks. The works of the watch form the brains of the skull, and are within a silver envelope, which acts as a musical-toned bell, while the dial-plate serves as the palate.

Amusements in a Cossack Camp.

A war correspondent of the London *Times* writes: Then came a new dance, and when it was over we had out some horses of different breeds to look at—ugly little beasts, some of them, but showing good points—evidently animals that endure much work. On speaking of the riding of the men and the training of the horses, our host offered to show what the Cossacks and their horses can do. In about a minute a straight run was cleared, a fur cap thrown down, and instantly a string of horsemen charged at full gallop. As they neared the cap each in turn swung himself round in his saddle so as to reach the ground with his hand, and snatch at the cap. There were many misses, as there are at tent-pegging, and some tremendous falls; but whenever the rider fell, though he rolled over like a ball, he kept hold of the bridle and his little horse stopped short in full career. I threw down a little forage cap that I was wearing and offered a piece of money to the man who should pick it up. It was missed once but seized by the second rider and held up in triumph.

Then we sat down outside the colonel's tent to drink wine and tea, apparently without any reason for one, as the other except that the evening was warm and that the tea and wine correct each other. There were not many of us, but somehow or other we succeeded in finding the bottom of two small casks of wine amid a good deal of excited talks and healths. Always the men danced and sung outside. A Cossack officer attached to the headquarters of the grand duke arrived. We drank his health, and the men picked him up bodily and threw him into the air several times, always catching him again. He was big and burly, but the arms beneath him were strong, and he rose and fell like a shuttlecock, till, at a word from the colonel, they set him down again.

A Well-Trained Mouse.

The New Haven (Conn.) *Register* has the following: It is a curious yet historical fact that prisoners who are sentenced for life often train some insect or animal, which becomes the one solace of their prison hours. One of the most curious cases is that of Anderson, the murderer, now in our county jail, awaiting a new trial. He some time ago caught a mouse in his cell, caged him, and has carefully trained him. Anderson will hold a string suspended from his fingers and in broken English command the mouse to "up, like a sailor," whereupon the little animal will lay hold of the string with his feet and climb to the prisoner's hand. The mouse will sit at command on his hind legs on a tea cup, will crawl up the prisoner's face through his mustache and over his nose, and finally jump from the man's head to his hand, completing the performance with a graceful bow. One of the most interesting things concerning the history of this little acrobat is the great love it has for the prisoner. When Anderson was moved a few weeks ago to another and darker cell, the mouse was lost, and though carefully sought after by the keeper could not be found. Anderson was deeply grieved over the disappearance of his tiny companion, which he feared had been killed, and even the prison officers expressed regret that the little creature should have dropped so completely and mysteriously out of the usually dull routine of prison life. Great was the joy, therefore, of Anderson and of all, when one day the mouse made its appearance at the door of Anderson's new cell, and running in, resumed its acenstomed place by the prisoner's side. It is said that the little animal seemed as greatly rejoiced as its master over the reunion.

The Russian Soldiery.

Edward King, writing from the Danube to the Boston *Journal*, says: These Russians remind one very much of American soldiers in the field. They have the same jolly *insouciance*, the same good-natured way of accepting privation as their common lot, and the same pleasant and picturesque manner of regarding the most disagreeable things. I think they look upon the Turks without any actual hatred—feeling for them only a kind of a mild contempt, which has been somewhat increased by the manner in which the Turkish cavalry ran away at Matchin the other day. There is but little to be said thus far in favor of the Turkish irregulars, who were expected to achieve such prodigies of valor. They have vanished before the Cosacks like leaves before the wind. I doubt if a single straggler could at present be found anywhere in the environs of Sistova. Regular troops make short work of such fellows. The Turkish prisoners that I have seen were almost as tattered and forlorn as the Bashi-Bazouks. There is a little group of Anatalains here, imprisoned in a cottage. They are evidently quite resigned to their fate, and sit all day musingly gazing at their captors with a puzzled air, as if they rather fancied it all a dream. The Russians treat them very kindly, and I believe thus far there is no instance in which any disposition has been shown on the part of the commonest soldier even to threaten them.

A MAIDEN'S ADVENTURE WITH A SNAKE.—A Calaveras (Cal.) paper says: Miss Getchell, while sitting out doors a few days ago, fell asleep; when she woke up she found herself unable to move, and looking around noticed a large snake lying on one of her arms, making a low hissing noise. For some little time she was unable to move, and felt a peculiar thrilling sensation; she finally, however, moved one of her arms, and the power being broken she got up. The snake still lay there, but she says she could make no exertion to kill it, and turned and left it. The snake made no effort to hurt her.

THE MONTENEGRINS.

The Black Mountaineers in Battle—Their Terrible Mode of Warfare.

A Constantinople correspondent writes: In the campaign of last year the Turks lost almost ten to one against the Montenegrins. From the mountain summits overlooking Podgoritza and the approaches from Scutari their scouts signalized the advance of the Ottoman array. From peak to peak signal fires by night announced the coming of the foe, while by day mounted troopers sped to every district to rally the people the defense of the threatened frontier. On they came, men, women and children, every one that could carry a gun, roll rocks on the heads of the enemy, or assist in the building of intrenchments. The Turks were allowed to enter for a certain distance in the passes until they reached the narrow gorges. There they found their progress arrested by massive walls of rock and stone, stretching from side to side, completely blocking up the road, pierced with embrasures for cannon and with musket holes. A halt is called. A council of war determines that retreat is impossible, and that the intrenchments must be carried. At first it is an artillery engagement. Under the smoke of the cannonade an assult is ordered. Forward dash the Turkish troops with the blind fury that characterizes them in the field. The Montenegrin fire having lulled, supposing that it is a sign of yielding, the Turks hurry forward with cries and yells as if sure of their prey. Hardly have they got within twenty feet of the intrenchments, before from every opening in them, pours a stream of incessant fire or shell, shot, minie balls and all kinds of deadly missiles. Suddenly the top of the rampart is crowned with sharpshooters, whose steady aim picks off the officers and mows down the heads of the columns. On the overlooking heights armed men, women and children appear. Enfilading volleys tear the shattered ranks from above, and huge bowlders and rocks come rolling down the precipices, crushing into the midst of the serried masses and laying low thousands of combatants. All this while the air is rent with the shouts of the mountaineers; the banner of the Cross is waved defiantly from on high and on the works; priests, with the crucifix displayed on their robes, pointing to it as a sign of hope and victory. After repeated onsets, their ranks broken, their officers, for the most part, slain, the Turks begin to waver. As soon as this is perceived, the enthusiasm of the Montenegrins can be no longer restrained. Over the ramparts they leap, and with indescribable fury they charge, bayonet and sword in hand, on the disordered masses before them. For a moment the Turks stand at bay, but as the deafening clamor sounds like a continuous roll of thunder, and in rear and flank they are assailed by unseen enemies that have descended by secret paths from the top of the mountain walls, and in front by the regular troops, they break and run. Then comes the hour of vengeance. For miles the pass is strewn with heaps of Turkish slain. Whoever turns to fight, finds himself face to face with a quad of foes who leave him no chance to escape. No quarter is given; blood flows in torrents; it becomes a pitiless massacre; only a remnant is left to tell the tale of disaster and woe, and to carry dismay into the Albanian fastnesses. With thanksgiving to God for the triumph vouchsafed to their arms, the Montenegrins sheath their bloodied swords, and homeward turn, loaded with captured arms and precious spoils. This is a picture of the mode of Montenegrin fighting as described to me by a participant in one of the worst defeats the Turks ever encountered at their hands.

Pearls of Thought.

To deliberate on useful things is a prudent delay.

He who speedily gives to the needy gives twice.

A suspicious man would search a pinchushion for treason, and see daggers in a needle case.

Whatever be your outward lot in life, your condition is truly pitiable if you are guilty of neglecting moments.

Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation.

One should be careful not to carry any of the follies of youth into old age; for old age has follies enough of its own.

Brains and muscles should share equally all laborious occupations But the brain should direct the muscle and utilize and economize its powers.

A looking-glass is kinder to us than the wine glass, because it reveals our defects to ourselves only, while the latter reveals them to our friends.

Perseverance is one of the primitive impulses of the human heart—one of the indivisible primary faculties or sentiments which gives direction to the character of man.

Manners are the root, laws only the trunk and branches. Manners are the archetypes of laws. Manners are laws in their infancy; laws are manners full grown—or, manners are children, which, when they spring up, become laws.

Friendship, love and piety ought to be handled with a sort of mysterious secrecy; they ought to be spoken of only in the rare moments of perfect confidence, to be mutually understood in silence. Many things are too delicate to be thought, many more to be spoken.

Perhaps the summary of good breeding may be reduced to this rule: "Behave unto all men as you would they would behave unto you." This will most certainly oblige us to treat all mankind with the most civility and respect, there being nothing that we desire more than to be treated so by them.

Amusing Incident at a Bridal Party.

One evening recently a member of the Elk Association, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was married to a young lady residing on Humboldt street. In the height of the festivities the joker of the association by some means got possession of the bride's tiny satin slipper. This he circled about his head as the guests, attracted by the bride's timid scream, began to gather about him. "How much, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "am I offered for this jewel?" The guests, fully appreciating the joke, freely made bids. Upon a bid of $70 being made the amatuer auctioneer feigned to be displeased, and exclaimed: "Why, the little bunch of ribbons on it is worth more than that." The bid having been raised to $125, by an admirer of the young bride, the members of the association themselves began to compete for the possession of the slipper, and with a call of $150 gained the prize. The fortunate gentlemen intend to cover it with a glass case and place it in a prominent position in their clubrooms. During this bidding the blushing bride and discontented groom stood utterly dumfounded on the outskirts of the crowd of laughing guests. The occurrence is said to have aroused the groom's mathematical ardor, and he is reported to be studiously engaged in endeavoring to solve the problem: "If the little slipper is worth $150, how much is the little girl herself worth?"

At Sistova.

Sistova, says Edward King, of the Boston *Journal*, was inhabited by a large number of wealthy Turks, who have doubtless left much treasure buried in the neighborhood. All the visitors have brought back great quantities of plunder in the shape of elegantly printed and bound Turkish books, caps, pipes, slippers, a good red wine, which is not especially stimulating, and which, despite the famous protest of the Khoran, seems to have been the product of some Turkish vineyards. It appears that it was agreed by the Bulgarians that every one who wished distinctly to espouse the Russian cause should place a chalk mark representing a cross upon his house, and should wear the word "Christian" upon his arm, or shoulder, in short, declare his preference for the Christian faith in some marked manner. The whole town therefore now presents a curious appearance; it seems, at first sight, as if every house in town had a cross upon it. It is announced on very good authority that the Turks, who are not lacking in rough shrewdness, marked their houses with the sacred symbol, and thus escaped the pillage which they feared. This is highly probable.

JANET.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

It had rained all day a dull, depressing down-pour; but now, just as the day was ending, the sun saw fit to burst out from behind a pile of jagged black clouds, and flood the little planet below with crimson glory. The far-spreading sea shone like an ocean of flame, and all the western windows of the old farmhouse were flecked with the crimson glory.

Janet Stuart stood looking out at the radiant western sky, her heart in her eyes. The red light went shifting in fiery lances through the thick masses of her blue-black hair, and flashed back from her deep, strong eyes. She stood there looking fixedly out at the lurid light, her back turned to the pair at the piano, talking and singing softly in the April twilight.

One of these was Miss Ingestre, their London guest—a delicate, fairy figure, not at all like Janet's; a delicate, rose-bloom face looking out at you through a halo of pure goldhair; the other, Mr. Etheridge.

Now the pair struck out into a duet. Softly and sweetly came across the room the delicious Italian song—a song full of passionate pain. Out of the western sky slowly faded the crimson sunburst, grayly crept up the twilight, palely gemmed with stars.

"Darkening!" Janet Stuart thought, with weary eyes, that never left the steel-blue sky. "Darkening—like my life!"

It faded entirely out, the last flush of the dying day. The stars swung in the blue-black concave, and a pale young crescent moon sailed serene up to the zenith. And still, while the day faded and the night came, the twain at the piano never stirred. Their low laughter, their half-whispered words, their soft singing came to the listener's ear; but she never looked at them. She sat colder and whiter than snow, her hands still folded.

"He promised to love me and be true to me always," her heart kept saying; "and see how he keeps his word!"

"In the dark?" called a cheery voice, and old Mr. Etheridge came in.

He was the owner of all the broad acres spread right and left, and his nephew, Ernest, was sole heir, for his wife had died nine months before, and here were no children.

Janet Stuart was his adopted daughter, of course, but she was to marry handsome Ernest and reign in the fine old homestead where her happy girlhood had been spent.

"In the dark, you three young owls!" called Mr. Etheridge. "Jennie, lass, where are you? Leave off billing and cooing, and ring for the lamp."

He looked over at the piano, and the two heads so close together there separated suddenly. A tall, dark figure rose from the window.

"I'm not billing and cooing, uncle," Janet rang for the lamp as she spoke this; and Miss Ingestre fluttered off the piano stool.

"Oh! so it was you, little Eva, and not Janet. I won't have it. I want a wedding in two months; and you mustn't cut Jennie out."

The red blood mounted guiltily to Ernest Etheridge's face, but Miss Ingestre's musical laugh chimed softly through the room. Janet sat by the table, fixedly pale, her eyes bent on a book; but the printed page danced before those eyes; and Miss Ingestre's faint, sweet voice, chattering nonsense, with her blue eyes fixed on the old man's face, sounded in her ears like the rushing roar of a waterfall. By-and-bye some neighbors dropped in, and there was more singing, and some dancing; and Janet played waltzes and redowas, and quadrilles, until the midnight hour struck; and she toiled up to her room, too fagged in body and mind even to think.

But she was up early, for all that—up with the April birds singing in the scented trees outside, and down on the sea-shore, staring with dreamy eyes over the dancing sea. How bright it was, all sparkling in the glad sun-light, with the wind strong and sweet, and the fishermen singing as they cast their nets, and the noisy children, rolling in the warm sands, filling the air with their glad shouts.

"Oh!" she thought, "what happy creatures there are in the world! Men who love, and are never false; women who trust, and are never betrayed. And I—to think I should have staked on one throw—and lost!"

A man's step came crunching over the sand—a man's clear voice singing: "O'er the muir amang the heather," on the shrill wind. She knew both step and voice, but she never turned.

"Janet," cried Ernest, "I thought I should find you here! I know what heathenish hours you keep, and what heathenish places you frequent."

She never answered; her eyes were fixed on the far sea-line, her lips closed in nameless pain. He threw himself on the sand at her feet, and looked up with laughing blue eyes in her changeless face.

"My solemn Janet! What has come over you of late? Where has your sunshine, your sparkle, your youth, your smiles, your color gone? Tell me what it is, Janet?"

"Nothing you would care to know."

He shifted uneasily; his eyes left her pale, still face, and wandered seaward.

"You know I am going to-morrow, Jennie?"

"Yes, I know."

"I wanted to speak to you before I went, Janet; that is why I got up at this unchristian hour and looked for you here. I don't see the necessity of hurrying our marriage as Uncle Etheridge wishes to hurry it—we are both young enough to wait. I should like to spend this summer in Switzerland and Italy, if you have no objection."

"I have none."

"And when I come back in the autumn, Janet, will you be my little wife?"

She rose up straight, and looked in his smiling, handsome face for the first time.

"No," she said, steraly, "I will never be that! Here is your ring, Mr. Etheridge, and here we part."

"Janet!"

He sprang to his feet, and stood looking at her in surprise, in a sort of terror—in nothing else.

"Here is your ring—take it! You will not? Then let the waters take it, less faithless than you!"

She drew the band of gold, studded with brilliants, from her finger, and flung it far into the sea.

"Janet, listen to me! Janet, good Heaven! are you mad?"

"I would be if I listened to you. Go, marry Eva Ingestre to-morrow, if you like! What is it to me?"

She turned and walked steadfastly away, leaving him there a petrified gazer. Straight up to her own room, there to sink down by the window, her arms dropping on the table, her face lying on them. Not in tears—not in womanly sobs, only in mute, deadly pain, weary of life, of herself, of the sunshine, of all the world.

"False!" her tortured heart kept crying—"false! And I loved him so dearly—so dearly."

The breakfast-bell rang. She rose up and went down, a little paler, a little stiller than her wont—nothing more.

Old Mr. Etheridge was there, bright and lively. Miss Inglestre was there, chattering like a magpie, her pretty ringlets freshly perfumed and curled, her roses at their brightest. Ernest was there, silent and sulky, but glad, if the truth must be known, that he was so well out of the scrape.

"She gives me up of her own accord," he thought, with a sense of injury; "nobody can blame me. I'll speak to Eva after breakfast."

But he was forestalled. After breakfast his uncle carried Eva off to get her opinion about some ornamental gardening to be done, and his tender declarations had to wait. Janet attended to her household duties, and then, with her work-basket, went and sat down by the open window. Presently the aching eyes closed in a dull, dreamless sleep.

With voices in her ears she awoke—voices that blended with her sleep, and that confused her. They came from the garden; the voice of Ernest, tender, pleading; the voice of Eva, sweet and clear.

"Marry you, Ernest! Good gracious me! what an idea! And you engaged to that solemn Janet!"

"She is engaged to me no longer; she has broken off of her own free will—jealous of you."

"And you want me to take what another rejects! Flattering, really! A thousand thanks, Mr. Ernest Etheridge; at the same time—no!"

"Eva! Eva! for Heaven's sake, listen to me! I love you with my whole"—

"Heart! Of course you do! And you will break it because I refuse! I shall be shocked and disappointed if you don't! There! don't coax! I can't marry you, because I'm going to marry your uncle! Now, the truth's out!"

Janet rose abruptly and left the window, fully awake at last.

"I never thought of that," she said, on her way to her own room. "I might have seen, but I never thought of that."

She kept her chamber until dinner-time, and then went down to preside at table with that fixed and stone-like face. Only her uncle and Eva were there.

"To think the boy should go off five hours earlier than he need," Uncle Etheridge grumbled. "Janet, how can you allow such capers?"

Miss Ingestre looked at her, a malicious sparkle in her turquoise-blue eyes, a malicious smile on her rosebud lips. Miss Stuart met the look steadfastly.

"Mr. Ernest Etheridge's comings and goings are nothing to me; he is as free as the wind that blows. But when am I to congratulate you, my good uncle?"

Mr. Etheridge stared—laughed—looked at Eva.

"So you have told her, pussy?"

"I protest I have done nothing of the sort," cried the amazed Miss Ingestre, "but then she is a witch, and knows everything."

"Precisely. And when is it to be?"

"Well, since you have divined it, in three weeks, and you must be first bridesmaid, Jennie."

"With pleasure, Miss Ingestre."

"I'm afraid you'll find it rather dull during our absence, Janet," her uncle said. "We're going on a three month's bridal tour, and"—

"And I am going to London. My dear uncle, don't say a word, I have set my heart on it. My old nurse lives there. I will lodge with her; and, really, life in this stagnant villa is growing insupportable."

So it was settled; and duly the wedding came off. Eva the loveliest o brides, Mr. Etheridge the most ecstatic of old bridegrooms, Janet Stuart the stateliest and calmest of bridesmaids. Then they were gone—off to Paris to begin with; and Janet said good-bye to the old homestead, and was whirled away to the metropolis, where she was so busy in the precarious venture of writing a book.

Another summer, and it came out, and was a brilliant success. Another, and a second followed, and Jennie Stuart woke up one morning and found herself famous. Rich, too, or comparatively so, and able to gratify the desire of her heart, and go abroad to fair, foreign lands, with an adrairing party of literary friends. Once—oh! how long ago it seemed now—she had thought to wander through those storied nations as Ernest's happy wife.

So the world went round, and the years went by, and ten of those years had been counted off the great rosary, when Janet Stuart came back to her native land. Wealth and fame had crowned her; but she came back Janet Stuart still, true to that old dream, a saddened and lonely woman.

There were changes before her. Her uncle was dead; his young wife inherited all his vast wealth; the fine old homestead was for sale, and Earnest was where? No one knew; he had gone out to Australia, having quarreled with his new aunt, and consequently with his old uncle; that was all Janet could learn.

Janet Stuart went back to the village of her girlhood, purchaser of the fine old homestead where her happiest years had been spent, and settled down among the familiar sights and sounds to contented old maidenhood. There were friends there still glad and proud to welcome her—and she could do good; and with her "gray goose-quill," and her piano, and her pets, she was happy.

She stood in the May twilight under the sycamore by the gate, one radiant evening, six months after her coming, tying up early roses, and singing softly, when a man came slowly up the dusty road, and looked at the pretty picture. A man who was bronzed, and haggard, and weather-beaten, and but poorly clad—with his cap pulled far over his eyes—handsome blue eyes still. He paused at the gate, weary and pale.

"Janet!"

She turned round with a low, shrill cry, dropped the rose-vine, and caught both his hands, her face more radiant than the sunset sky.

"Ernest! Oh, Ernest, Ernest!"

"And you are really glad to see me, Janet?"

She opened the gate, her happy eyes shining luminous, and drew him in.

"Did you know I was here?" she asked.

"Yes—why else should I have come? But I did not mean to intrude. I only wanted to look upon your face once more before I went away again!"

"Went away? Where?

"Back to Australia. I am poor, and can nothing here; there is still an opening there. And before I go, dearest, bravest Janet, tell me you forgive me for the past."

His voice broke down; the old love, stronger than ever, looked at her imploringly, hopelessly out of his eyes. She stood before him, her hands lightly on his shoulders, her dear face smiling up at him so tender, so true.

"You must not go; you must not leave me! Dear Ernest, I don't forgive—I only love you!"

Later, when the crystal crescent was at its highest, and the last lights were dying out of the homestead windows, Ernest Etheridge walked up the peaceful moonlit road to his hotel. But with, oh! such an infinitely happy face, and singing as he went:

"Say I am old, and gray, and sad;
Say that health and strength have missed me;
Say I'm poor, but also add—
Jennie kissed me!"

Scowling.

Do not scowl; it spoils faces. Before you know it your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your cowlick to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and oh, how much older you look for it. Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong, and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them lightly when we cannot think. There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel almost always erases them. Even the extremely aged, in death, often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows that our souls need sweetening. For pity's sake, let us take a sad-iron, or a glad-iron, or smoothing-tool of some sort, and straighten these creases out of our faces before they can become indelibly engraven upon them.

Etymology of Strikes.

The origin of the word "strike," as applied in combinations of laboring men organized for the purpose either of preventing a reduction or of securing an advance in their wages, began on the Thames docks. It had long been used on the docks in the sense in which "knocking off" is used by workmen in this country. The dock laborers were said to "strike" work when they went to their meals. It had another and a peculiar signification, too—the foreman asking: "Who struck these cases?" when he wished to learn what particular men had received and lowered to the wharf from the carts any particular package of goods. Its use in this latter sense seems to have been derived from the maritime phrases of "striking sail" and "striking the flag."

NEW YORK IN THE PAST.

The Progress of the City as Seen by a Retrospect—Leading Happenings in the City's History—Landmarks.

The following interesting information concerning some important events in the past history of the American metropolis we find in the New York *Telegram*:

The estimate for the support of the city in 1800 was $130,000. It is now $34,000,000. On January 29, 1780, eighty sleighs with provisions, escorted by one hundred soldiers, crossed the harbor on the ice from Staten Island to New York.

The first daily newspaper started in New York, was in 1785. It was called the *Daily Advertiser*.

In December, 1687, it was resolved by the common council that the mode of lighting the city be that "during the dark of the moon until the twenty-fifth of March every seventh cause a lanthorn and candle to be hung out on a pole every night." The expense of this sort of illumination was shared equally.

In April, 1759, 75,000 wild pigeons were brought to the market in this city and sold at fifty for one shilling.

In 1764 a pillory with a large wooden cage behind it was erected on the present site of the City Hall for disorderly boys who publicly broke the Sabbath.

In 1727 two shocks of earthquake were felt in New York in one day. Crockery fell from shelves and the clocks in all parts of the town ceased the vibration of their pendulums.

The number of vessels that entered the port of New York in 1730 was 211. Of those, thirty came from Jamaica, twenty-eight from Boston, fourteen from Barbadoes, thirteen from Bermuda, twelve from Curacoa, eleven from Antigua, seven from London, seven from Rhode Island, six from North Carolina, five from Bristol, five from Dover, five from South Carolina, four from Newfoundland, three from Philadelphia, three from Surinam and three from Madeira.

In 1732 the first fire occurred at which fire engines were used. Two fire engines had recently been imported from England, and companies were formed which became the foundation of the New York fire department.

In 1696 the building of Trinity church was begun, and it was opened for worship by the Rev. Mr. Vesey in the year 1697. It was enlarged in 1735 and burned down in 1776. It was rebuilt in 1788, and was consecrated by Bishop Provost in 1791. The cemetery of the church was granted by the common council gratuitously to the vestry in 1703. By the records it appeared that this cemetery had received 160,000 bodies before the conflagration of 1776.

The first Presbyterian church built in this city was erected in April, 1718.

In 1666 a woman, being proved to be of dissolute life, was banished from the city.

In 1735 a vigorously contested election for representatives of New York city in the Provincial Assembly took place. At no period had party spirit run so high. The candidates were two leading merchants, Adolph Philipse and Cornelius Van Horne. The electors appeared in the fields (now the park) about nine o'clock, with colors flying and drums beating. Apparently, by the show, the friends oi Mr. Philipse, who were the principal merchants and gentlemen, were in the majority, but a poll was demanded, and thereupon all the colonists and others in the fields repaired to the City Hall, where the poll was carried on all day till about nine o'clock at night, with the greatest warmth on both sides, the drum and music going about during the time. Between nine and ten at night the polls closed, and the votes were for Philipse, 413; for Van Horne, 399. The zeal of the friends of the candidates was so great that it was supposed every voter in the city was brought out. One gentleman used his chariot in bringing up voters, so that the poor women cried out: "These are fine times, when carmen and chimney-sweeps ride in coaches."

Stone street was the first street in this city paved with stone.

Washington street was laid out while "The Father of his Country" was in the highest office of the nation.

How Postal Cards are Made.

The paper upon which postal cards are printed comes in sheets about twenty-two inches by twenty-eight inches in size, and is packed in boxes containing about 2,000 sheets, and weighing 530 pounds each. After the boxes are unpacked the first thing in order is the printing. This is done by two Hoe cylinder presses, each of which prints fifty cards at a single impression. The printed sheets are then placed in racks and allowed to dry for two days, in order to prevent any blotting or defacemant. Now they are ready for the cutters, of which they are three, at present. By the first, which is a rotary cutter, the sheets are divided crosswise in ten strips, containing four postal cards each. The sheets pass in through this machine as rapidly as one can follow another. The strips are then collected in packages of one hundred each, the edges are made even by hand, and the packages are then placed on the iron tables of the cutters, which sever them in the opposite direction. Of these cutters there are two, both known as the Cranston "undercut." Ten packages of one hundred sheets each, after leaving the rotary cutter, are placed in the "under-cut," a lever is pulled which sets the machinery in motion, and up comes a heavy knife with a diagonal motion, and there are four hundred postal cards complete in a twinkling. A bit of brass is removed, allowing the uncut packages to be moved up a proper distance under the knife, and the process is repeated. The cards are then taken in bunches convenient to be handled, and the edges are carefully brushed to remove all dust and "feather." They then pass into the hands of eighteen girls, by whom they are counted out into packages containing twenty-five cards each. Twenty packages are placed in pasteboard boxes, which again are packed in wooden boxes, containing from 1,000 to 25,000 cards apiece.

The presses are now printing about 1,000,000 cards a day. The contract requires that 1,000,000 cards shall be made in a day if the demand is so great.

It is not expected that many visitors will enter the rooms in which the cards are made, but precautions are taken to prevent the loss or abstraction of cards. Every sheet printed is registered by the press, and the company is compelled to give an account of every one. If a few cards were lost it would cause considerable trouble, although the loss might be trifling. Any cards that are spoiled in the cutting, or defaced in any way, are retained and destroyed by the government inspector.

The Hard Times at Long Branch.

A New York *Herald* correspondent at Long Branch draws this picture of hard times among the seaside loungers: The groups of morning bathers in the surf are comparatively few and far between; the groups in the hotel piazzas are not large, and they appear as lonely as the lingerers behind at the end of the season. The morning concerts of the bands in the hotel parlors attract no particular attention; billiards appear to be no longer played by daylight; the sound of the rolling ten pin ball seldom disturbs the rat in his nest under the floor; the Sons of Temperance have evidently carried the barrooms, for the stragglers therein for a "little whisky straight" are hardly sufficient during the day to justify the expense of the man behind the counter. The hack drivers, with empty vehicles, such as they are, go creeping up and down the main avenue, vainly in quest of a stray passenger. Enjoying the sea breeze, the shopkeeper sits in his doorway, dreaming of the flush times of the war. On the bluff the venders of fruits and ice cream, of peanuts and candy, of ancy pin cushions, baskets, moccasins, and bows and arrows, are getting sick from hopes deferred. The Modocs are missing. Neither the leathery clam nor the succulent oyster on the stands near the beach are in request. As for the toothsome dish for the hungry foot passenger of pork and beans, he has brought his lunch with him, and has no small change to waste on superfluities. Never before was there so little cash wasted here as now on superfluous extras.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

The forty-first annual convention of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows convened at Newburgh, N. Y. The Grand Master's annual report stated that there were 454 lodges in the, State, with a membership of about 40,000. Officers were chosen for the ensuing year, headed by George W. Dilks, of New York, as Most Worthy Grand Master, and the Grand Lodge degree was conferred upon one hundred members.....Samuel E. Hardman, of Providence, R. I., was instantly killed by falling from the fourth story of the Astor House, New York, while testing a patent fire escape, of which he was the manufacturer.....James McDougall & Co.'s grain elevator at Montreal, Canada, was destroyed by fire, and adjoining flour mills were damaged. Loss, about $60,000.....The New Jersey Democrats will hold their State convention for the nomination of governor at Trenton on September 19.....In Philadelphia John Hunt, who was one of the recent strikers that stopped a train of cars on the Lehigh Valley railroad, was charged by the United States with obstructing the mail service, found guilty by the jury and remanded for sentence.....The fourteenth annual session of the Grand Lodge Knights of Pythias, of Pennsylvania, was held in Harrisburg.....The tenth annual session of the National Board of Trade was held in Milwaukee, Wis. Delegations from the chief cities of the country were present.

The Pennsylvania Democratic State convention met in Harrisbur